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THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS APPEARING AT THE WINDOW OF THE PALACE OF CHARLOTTENBURG.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. E. HOSANG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There are many persons better qualified than myself to speak of the attainments of Matthew Arnold, but I know something of the impression they produced on the world at large. If not, like Shelley, a poets' poet, he was the poet of the cultured classes; and his prose appeals, though less exclusively, to a public of exceptional intelligence. The ear of the people he had not, nor, perhaps, sought to have; but this by no means detracted from his fame, and, indeed, in a manner heightened it. The general estimation in which his works are held is very similar to that of some long-established and ancient author, without whom no gentleman's library can be pronounced complete, who is read by a comparative few, but those few, readers of the highest class. Lord Beaconsfield once said to him, "You are the only writer I ever knew, Mr. Arnold, who has become a classic in his lifetime." And he never made a more sagacious remark. It pleased the object of his eulogy exceedingly, and very frankly he was wont to confess it. It has been often said of Matthew Arnold that he had a great deal of vanity; but, if so, it was the only superficial thing about him; it was but skin-deep, and, like a woman's blush, became him exceedingly. There was no sort of pretence about it, and a great deal of pleasantness.

The first time I saw him, now forty years ago, was at Harriet Martineau's, close to his own home at the Lakes, and when he was "disgustingly young and handsome," as old Crabbe Robinson said of him. I had been reading his "Strayed Reveller," which had then just been published, and was full of youthful admiration of it; but there was something more attractive in the man to me than even in the poet. He had a gentle, affectionate way with him, which he never lost—a genial naturalness contrasting strangely with the artificiality and fastidiousness of his "views"; and it will embalm his memory with all who knew him. He was kind, as I have cause to know, even to the Philistine.

The Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, ex-Senator of the United States, and author of "Ragnarock: the Age of Fire and Gravel," has come over to the "old country" to explode its belief in its most cherished writer. He has discovered a cipher in Shakspeare's plays, revealing that they were written by "broad-browed Verulam," and ciphers it out on a board in a manner that corroborates the saying that there is nothing so fallacious as facts, except figures. He acknowledges that public opinion is against him; but, like the gentleman who was sent abroad in consequence of a difference of view between himself and twelve of his fellow-countrymen, he sticks to his story. As to the cryptogram, I give in; I am not a calculating boy to do "root numbers" in my head; and if a Chicago editor has really stated that a professor of mathematics has reported, after examination, that Mr. Donnelly has "made out his claim that there is a cipher," it seems discourteous to deny it. But when this gentleman goes on to say that Shakspeare's moral character does not entitle him to be considered the author of his works I venture to think he is going a little too far. The Old World, at all events—and I suppose it will be admitted that the "divine Williams" was not an American—knows no more about Shakspeare than about Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. Personally, he seems a much greater mystery to us than his works can ever be made to be. What is mainly relied upon by his traducer, seems the story that he attempted by false representations to obtain a coat—though even this was only a coat of arms. A citizen of the Great Republic may be excused for not knowing how coats of arms are generally obtained. It may have been a morbid ambition, but it was not a felony; nor even such a misdemeanour as would have prevented a person who committed it from indulging in dramatic composition. If moral character, indeed, is an obstacle to that occupation, there must be a good many plays attributed to the wrong people. Moreover, how about the other gentleman's moral character? If there is one thing that at so great a distance of time can be pronounced upon with certainty, it is this: that if Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays he would never have permitted Shakspeare to get the money for them; and Shakspeare *did* get the money. I must also add that one assertion of Mr. Donnelly's seems absolutely incredible. Two ingenious persons, he admits, have been before him in this interesting investigation: "one of them an American lady, Miss Delia Bacon; the other an Englishman, Mr. W. H. Smith." If the latter gentleman admits it, well and good; but until he does so, I cannot believe that Mr. W. H. Smith has wasted his time over root-number cryptograms.

A good many people have been killed by the electric wire (by which so much more bad news seems somehow to come than good), but hitherto not by design. Now "America again leads the way," we are informed (rather elliptically, but it's a cable message and economy has to be consulted), by enacting that the wire is henceforth to take the place of the rope in making an end of criminals. This may be more scientific than hanging, but will certainly be no less shocking. To the parties chiefly concerned the difference will probably not matter a button, or only a button (you "press a button" it seems, and all is over). But if the change is universally adopted, what a crop of popular metaphors and old-world allusions will lose their significance, or have to be altered to suit the new condition of affairs! "Never speak of a battery in the house of a man who has been electrified" sounds very cumbersome. "Give him wire enough" has an air of flippancy more applicable to a soda-water cork than a human being. Perhaps if we say a wire-rope we shall meet the difficulty. But some interesting stories of old times will become absolutely unintelligible. I was reading, only yesterday, in an ancient volume a description of a provincial execution, where, said the narrator, "the criminal was so far forgetful of the position in which he stood, that he actually did his best to throw the clergyman off the ladder." This dramatic incident will be lost for ever to the readers of the second generation, or set

down as a "clerical error." What is to become of that admirable expression—and one doesn't like to give up one of the few classical quotations with which one is acquainted without a struggle—*sus per coll*? Fifty years hence it will be maintained (by commentators) to have had something to do with pork chops. Apart, however, from these sentimental considerations, the change of punishment, it must be confessed, will have its advantages. The shame of the criminal's fate will be mitigated, which was no shame to him, but only to his innocent relations; and, instead of a Jack Ketch, who now goes about the country in his vacations giving dramatic entertainments with wax figures and a rope, we shall have a scientific gentleman with a university degree and an inductive coil.

The times in which we live have been described as an age of incredulity; we are accused of believing in nothing, but least of all in the fidelity of the female and in the comfort and consolation of the marriage tie. It has been cynically stated that if a general release from the matrimonial bond could be obtained to-day, there would be no more married couples to-morrow than there would be men in a club after a ballot had been held for the exclusion or retention of its members; and that none of the Emancipated would marry again. For my part, I believe this to be a monstrous libel, utterly without foundation; and it is pleasant to find this healthy view corroborated by an instance from real life, though culled from a police-court. In Southwark lived a young married couple of the name of Lang, between whom existed what is called in higher circles "an incompatibility of temper"; instead of "saying things" to one another, it is probable that they threw things. Lang had a chivalrous friend, one Dawson, who pitied Mrs. L., and resented her husband's treatment of her. Instead of being angry at this, as many a better born man would have been, L. took a practical view of the matter. "Since you are so precious fond of my Rosina," he said, "you'd better take her. If you'll give me forty shillings I'll burn my marriage certificate, and then, of course, you can marry her yourself." And the little matter was so arranged accordingly. It was faulty in law, but the parties concerned were simple people. If you burn a will, the whole transaction becomes invalid, and the same thing happens, they doubtless thought, if you burn a marriage certificate. Now comes the idyll. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson were perfectly "compatible" in temper, and would have "lived happy ever afterwards," like any prince or princess in a fairy tale; it was seldom that a marriage, certainly *de convenance*, had turned out to be such a union of the affections. "George and I are as happy as the day is long," said Rosina, when she stood in tears before the Magistrate. Her demeanour, indeed, is described by the reporter as a "most affecting sight." Lang had discovered that there was something amiss in the transfer, and wanted ten pounds from Dawson to make it right. Rosina said: "Don't give it him; I'm not worth it." So they all three went together to the police-station, to get, as it were, "counsel's opinion." The result—as often happens when you do get it—was deplorable. Lang, it is true, was found to have committed bigamy, after getting rid, as he then thought, of Rosina (another proof, by-the-way, that even after an experience of matrimony, it still has its attractions); but poor Rosina and her beloved object found themselves accused of the same offence. "It seems very hard," said Dawson, as he well might. He had paid forty shillings for his wife; and all the forms of law, so far as he knew, had been complied with. In France (he might have added) it is universally believed that Englishmen may and do sell their wives—but it is probable this last reflection was spared him.

The death of the actor Frederic Baker on the stage at Melbourne has made a great sensation in that city. The fact that he was playing the part of Mephistopheles in "Faust" no doubt heightened the melodramatic effect of it on the beholders, and it was also probably the first time a similar catastrophe has taken place in Australia. Death on the stage, however, is a not very uncommon occurrence, and when we consider the highly-wrought condition of an actor's nerves, and the exciting nature of his occupation, it seems strange that it should not be more frequent. How many of us, who pursue other callings, are told by the doctor that "all violent emotion and exercise should be avoided," and that getting into a passion, or running "to catch a train," are equally deleterious! And what are these excitements compared with the feelings of an actor who identifies himself with his part? The curious coincidences, as they are called, in the fitness of the words of the drama spoken by the dying man, are merely instances of cause and effect: their peculiar appropriateness to his situation no doubt brings to a head, as it were, the catastrophe that was impending, and which would have happened in any case. Otherwise, it is difficult to explain why, in so many instances, the fatal seizure should take place at so apt a moment. The best-known case is that of John Palmer, who died in 1798, at Liverpool, while performing as "The Stranger," and in the very act of saying, "There is another and a better world." In this instance there were predisposing causes, for on that very day the actor had received the news of the death of his favourite son. Mr. Bond, an amateur, met the same sudden fate as Lusignan in Voltaire's "Zara": his (scenic) emotion at the discovery of his daughter is described as "excessive" and "prodigious," and the house "rang with applause," we are told, at the fainting-fit from which he never recovered. Mr. Paterson, at Norwich, as the Duke in "Measure for Measure," expired in the act of saying—

Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep.

And at Leeds in 1817, Mr. Cumming, in "Jane Shore," fell dead upon the stage just after he had pronounced the benediction—

Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to show thee;
May such befall me at my latest hour.

What seems curious in this last case, and sheds some light upon a recent controversy, the actor had played Dumont for half a century, and yet, as it would appear, still experienced the emotions proper to the part in only too great intensity.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Private View of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours has been the principal social event of the week. The crowd was tremendous, and many well-known faces and pretty dresses were to be seen amidst it. One of the most unique gowns was in two shades of pink; the bulk of the costume being in a subdued terra-cotta, with panels, vest, and trimmings of the pale, washed-out hue known as "old pink." A very becoming dress was of light heliotrope Venetian cloth; sparingly ornamented with silver braid; the tunic was cut out round the bottom, at front and sides, in very deep vandykes, reaching nearly to the knees, and each of these was edged round with very narrow silver braid, while pleatings of the same material appeared as an underskirt. A well-known actress was in a dark-green cloth dress, with trimmings of jet. Exceedingly stylish was a polonaise, made redingote fashion, and without any sort of trimming, of a substantial and glossy black moire antique; the little bit of skirt shown at the opening up the front being of old pink faille Française; a broad-brimmed black lace transparent hat, trimmed only with puffs of lace and jet arrows, completed this costume. A noticeable feature of the dresses generally was the popularity of braiding. One of the best gowns in the rooms was a pale-grey biège, with an elaborate design worked in braid slightly darker in shade, the pattern forming epaulettes and a kind of deep collar and a pointed vest, all of narrow braid placed on edge, and describing endless twists and twirls in a design within the larger one. The new tinsel braids appeared on several gowns.

There are many ladies' pictures in the Institute galleries, but, unhappily, it appears to be found necessary to place almost all of them so near the sky that they are practically indistinguishable. Some, it is true, are where they can be seen by dint of kneeling; but in a crowd this posture is inconvenient. The long, movable steps that stand in the central gallery are perhaps intended by the Council to be used for the inspection of the ladies' pictures on the top line; but they are awkward things to move about. A swinging gallery might be more convenient! The Institute excludes women students, however, from its art school, and I suppose, therefore, naturally concludes that all the water-colour work the sex may be able to do is of small consequence. All the women's pictures shown, too, are of small size; and the hanging committee, or the artists themselves, have a curious preference for flowers or fruit for the subjects of female artists' pictures. Some of our best lady painters in water colours, as Mrs. Allingham and Miss Montalba, do not exhibit here at all. On the other hand, Miss Chase, Miss Jane Dealey, Mrs. Duffield, and some others show excellent work of their special kind, the flower-painters being very numerous and capable.

My correspondence indicates the needlework-in-schools question to be one exciting widespread interest, as its importance deserves. The writers, generally, fully agree with the necessity for reform in the small-stitch régime now obtaining, and also endorse the view that I expressed that utility in domestic life should be more considered in laying down the course of teaching, and fineness and ornament less so. A lady correspondent, "K. L.," says:—"Not long since I said to a child who was sewing, 'Those are pretty little stitches, but you have not taken sufficient on your needle, as I can easily pull the material away from them,' forgetting for the moment that she was following the instructions of those in authority." A trenchant little tale, "K. L.," and one with a transparent moral. Mr. H. M. Fowler, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, has approached the subject in a very practical manner. He sends me a parcel of pieces of work, which he has had done "by the girls of a town in my district, as the kind of work likely to be most useful to mothers and sisters in after-life." It is an unintentionally sarcastic commentary on the present situation of the needlework-in-primary-schools question that Mr. Fowler adds to this definition of the object of the work: "This was not, of course, done for the purposes of the grant under the Education Code." Quite true; the work useful for after-life in a working-class family is *not* the sort which is done in the schools under the Code; that is my complaint. The specimens sent by Mr. Fowler should go at once to the Education Department; they are capital samples of practical mending—patching and darning done in a style at once tidy and careful, yet quick and strong.

It is inevitable that thoughts of dress should occupy us a good deal at this season. Not only do the first beams of the spring sunshine show the winter attire to be dingy and shabby, but there is, I am convinced, a positive relief to the spirits in having new raiment. Signs and symbols go for much with most human beings, and the symbolism of returning warmth and brightness in the atmosphere is as pleasant in spring clothing as the becomingness of the new and fresh attire.

Having given full information previously about gowns, I must now say a few words about mantles, premising that the spring fashion number of the *Lady's Pictorial* (dated April 21) gives a series of capital sketches of dresses, mantles, and millinery selected from the new stock of all the principal houses in town, which drawings will show more effectively at a glance what the new fashions really are than any description can do. Mantles are mainly short this spring. Silk is by far the most fashionable material for them, though there are some fancy cloths used; but women young and slim enough to be suited by light-coloured wraps will usually wear the short and close-fitting jackets, not mantles. The long ends in front that we have had for two seasons are longer than ever. They frequently have now, as far as possible, the appearance of scarves falling loosely from the neck almost to the feet. Lace lends itself well to this design, and is largely employed accordingly. Jet is still in full favour, and is put on mantles in every possible manner. Quite a feature of the new mantles is that the long-enduring dolman sleeve has at length almost vanished from the scene. Elderly ladies, who like their dress bodices well covered, can still obtain the pronounced wide sleeve; but the dressy little mantles that are really new have all merely a fall of material from the shoulder to the elbow, or a little lower, without any more shaping to the arm than perhaps such as an edging of lace or of jetted passementerie may naturally take on at the bend of the elbow. The backs and fronts of these mantles, however, have by no means a cape-like appearance; on the contrary, they are fitted quite closely to the figure at the waist, being either made as complete bodices, or held together by elastic passing around beneath the arm, and hidden by the loose sleeve.

Long mantles are by no means out of court; though except as dust-cloaks to preserve a dainty costume till the moment for its display arrives, they are not very popular in warm weather. Alpaca is to be a favourite material for dust-cloaks, with facings of shot silk or of the material of the rest of the garment. Tussore silk will also be used, and there are many varieties of fancy canvas which look well trimmed with cord to suit in colour. Hoods are general on such long mantles, and wing sleeves from the elbow are fashionable, and not objectionable in these materials of little weight.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE COURT.

The city of Florence celebrated the Queen's presence at Villa Palmieri on Thursday evening, April 19, by a procession of illuminated lamps and devices, which marched, preceded by bands of music, from Florence to the villa. Her Majesty witnessed the display from the windows, as unfortunately heavy rain fell. The President, Prince Scilla, and members of the Fiaccolata committee were presented to the Queen. The Queen also received a committee, of which Signor Landi was President, who presented her Majesty with an album containing upwards of ninety photographs of Florence. On April 20 her Majesty received the Giunta Municipale of Florence, and expressed to them her thanks for the kindness and consideration which had been displayed towards her by all classes. The Syndic presented to her Majesty medals commemorative of the inauguration of the façade of the Duomo and of the centenary of Donatello. The Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, went to the Uffizi Gallery, and after passing across the gallery over the Ponte Vecchio, returned to the Palazzo Vecchio, through which her Majesty was conducted by the Syndic of Florence. Sir John Savile, the British Ambassador at Rome, was granted an audience. On April 21 the Queen, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, attended by Lady Churchill and Sir Henry Ponsonby, visited the San Marco Museum. The Queen of Servia called upon her Majesty in the afternoon, and subsequently the Queen and Princess Henry of Battenberg visited the King and Queen of Würtemberg. The Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the Villa Palmieri on Sunday morning, April 22, the Dean of Windsor officiating. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess drove out. Her Majesty has given £200 for the benefit of the poor of Florence.

The Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg left Florence shortly after nine o'clock on Sunday night for Berlin. The Royal party was escorted from the Villa Palmieri to the station by a detachment of mounted Carabinieri. Enormous crowds filled the streets, and her Majesty's reception was most enthusiastic, the carriage making its way with difficulty along the route. Sir John Savile, Sir D. Colnaghi, the Prefect, the Syndic, General Driquet, and other officials were present at the station to receive her Majesty, who, after speaking a few words to the authorities, entered the saloon, and the train started on its journey. On her way from Florence to Berlin, the Queen stayed for a while on April 23 at Innsbruck, where she was received by the Emperor of Austria-Hungary. Affectionate greetings were exchanged between the Sovereigns. Her Majesty subsequently resumed her journey to the German capital. After a delay of an hour and a quarter, the Queen resumed the journey to Berlin, and arrived at Munich at 6 p.m., where the Prince Regent, Queen Marie, and the Bavarian Princes and Princesses were at the station to greet her Majesty. The Royal train left again after a stoppage of a quarter of an hour.

Queen Victoria arrived at Charlottenburg on the morning of April 24, and was received at the railway-station by the Empress, the Crown Prince and Princess, and the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. There were also present Prince Henry, Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret, the Duke of Rutland, Sir E. Malet, the members of the British Embassy, the Burgomasters, and the heads of the Municipal Council of Charlottenburg. The Empress, the Crown Prince and Princess, and the other members of the Royal house, welcomed the Queen in the saloon carriage, kissing and cordially embracing her Majesty. The Crown Prince conducted the Queen from the saloon to an open carriage, drawn by four horses, which was in waiting. The Royal party then drove to the castle, the Queen sitting in the first carriage by the side of the Empress, the Crown Prince and Princess Beatrice occupying the opposite seat. The route to the castle was lined by a dense crowd, which raised enthusiastic cheers as the Royal carriages drove by. Her Majesty went quickly into the Emperor's room. Nobody was present at this meeting but the Empress. It lasted only a few minutes, and when the Queen came out again she remarked that she was much delighted and astonished at the Emperor looking so well. He appeared better than she had dared to hope. The Emperor was much pleased at the Queen's visit, and there is no reason for fearing that he was too much excited by the interview. The Queen took luncheon with the whole Imperial family. In company with the Empress Victoria and Princess Beatrice, she then paid a visit to the Dowager Empress, and remained for some time in the former palace of the Crown Prince and had tea. On the drive into the city and on the return journey the Empress and her Royal mother were enthusiastically cheered. In the evening Queen Victoria dined with the Imperial family, a table being laid in an adjoining room for her suite.

Notice is given that the Queen will hold Drawingrooms at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, May 9, and on Wednesday, May 16; and that the Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold Levées at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Monday, April 30, and on Friday, May 11.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sandringham, on Sunday morning, April 22. The Rev. H. Smith officiated and preached. The Prince arrived at Marlborough House on Monday afternoon from Sandringham. On Tuesday afternoon he went to the House of Lords.

A terrible explosion occurred at St. Helen's Colliery, Workington, on April 19, by which twenty-eight lives were lost and several persons injured.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society held at the University of London on April 21, General Strachey, as president, presented a number of awards in the name of the society. To Mr. Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S., was awarded a Founder's medal, on his retirement from the post of honorary secretary after a service of twenty-five years; Lieutenant Wissmann received a Royal medal, in recognition of his achievements as an explorer in Central Africa, which he has twice crossed from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and especially for the journey in which he traced the course of the River Kassai from its upper waters to its previously unknown confluence with the Congo; Mr. J. McCarthy had the Murchison grant as superintendent of surveys in Siam, and especially for his map of Siam; Major Festing, the Cuthbert-Peck grant for surveys of the Gambia River; and Mr. M. Doughty the Gill memorial, as a contribution towards the expenses incurred by him in producing his map of Arabia. Dr. G. Radde, of Tiflis; Dr. H. Rink, of Copenhagen; and Dr. Rein, of Bonn, were at the same time elected Honorary Corresponding Fellows of the society. Two papers were afterwards read—one by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Marshall Clarke, H.M. Commissioner for Basutoland, on some 400 miles of country in that part of the world hitherto unexplored by a European; and the other upon the island of Fernando do Noronha in 1887 by the Rev. T. S. Lea.

THE HEALTH OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Day after day, especially since the late more alarming reports of recent phases of the Emperor Frederick's distressing malady, crowds of anxious people have stood long hours in front of the Palace at Charlottenburg; and when any persons of the Court, or privileged visitors of rank, came out after making inquiries about his Majesty's condition, their carriages have been stopped at the gates to communicate the news, which was sometimes hopeful, and was then received with quiet but deeply-felt popular gratification. So it was on Tuesday, April 17; but on that day, more reassuring than all these verbal bulletins, hastily dropped, was the appearance of the Emperor himself, in his undress uniform, at his window a little after noon, which was the signal for a burst of cheers. This was repeated towards evening, when his Majesty once more presented himself to the view of the multitude outside, with the Empress, who scarcely ever leaves her afflicted husband's side, night or day, and has proved herself to be the most devoted and tender of wives, in a land where the German Hausfrau claims to be a model of all the domestic virtues.

The report of the Emperor's condition on Tuesday, April 24, the day of the arrival of Queen Victoria, was more satisfactory. He had passed a very good night; he had less cough, and the fever had diminished regularly during the last few days, so as to be pronounced "quite insignificant," the temperature having become much lower; but he still became feverish towards evening. His appetite had returned, and it was thought a good sign that he desired solid food. He takes milk, wine, eggs, meat, vegetables, and bread, and eats without any difficulty in swallowing. The breathing, moreover, was not so accelerated; there were about twenty respirations to the minute. The irritation of the larynx, which was caused by changing the silver cannula for one of aluminium, of a different shape, seemed to have passed away. The manner in which this operation was effected has been misdescribed by some of the German newspapers, to which Sir Morell Mackenzie and Dr. Hovell have published an express contradiction.

THEATRICALS AT THE HERKOMER SCHOOL OF ART.

In the quiet village of Bushey, between Pinner and Watford, one of the cleverest and most successful artists of the day, whose studio, built adjacent to the simple cottage in which he resided, produces works of fame and price, started five years ago a comprehensive School of Art, under his personal direction. This was an experiment worthy in its ideal aims of the true Old Masters of Italy and Germany, in the spirit of that faithful and laborious pursuit of skill to represent all artistic forms of beauty, in various kinds of workmanship and material, which the doctrines of Mr. Ruskin have commended to earnest minds. Drawing, painting, sculpture, etching, engraving, wood-carving, and decorative metal-work are taught and practised here under Mr. Hubert Herkomer's superintendence; the principles and the history of Art are studied; and Music and Poetry, naturally allied with the conception of the graceful and beautiful in visible forms, are not neglected by the teachers and scholars of this institution.

It is a wise and happy thought, with a view to that harmonious æsthetic and intellectual culture from which all excellence in any branch of art must arise, to combine some efforts in dramatic performance with the various regular studies of the Herkomer School. A small theatre has been erected, which was opened on Tuesday, April 24, with the representation of "The Sorceress," a little play without dialogue, "a romantic, musical fragment," composed by Professor Herkomer, affording a pleasing entertainment to numerous invited visitors. The scene of this play is laid somewhere in the land of romance, the forest-covered mountain region of South Germany, and its time is the middle of the fifteenth century. Its subject is as simple as that of a German ballad. There is a Gipsy Queen, who has plotted the stealing of a young child, a Prince, whether to keep him as a hostage or to get a rich ransom, for the profit of her wandering tribe. She has sent one of her women to fetch the child. Awaiting the return of this emissary, the Gipsy Queen, being also a sorceress, practises magical incantations, while her followers, men and women, are asleep. The child is brought, and is put to bed with a tender lullaby. The Queen walks through the gipsy camp, and meets the handsome minstrel, Jack, with whom she condescends to be in love. The captain of the band presently awakes and rouses them all. They dance to the music of the orchestra, and the minstrel sings. The child is shown to them, and they joyfully pack up to quit the place of their encampment. Enter an aged Hermit, whose blessing this heathen company may not receive. He passes; it is daybreak; the camp is raised; and the gipsies troop away into the forest. A young shepherd comes in at their departure, followed by his father and a shepherdess; the old man, on the ridge of a hill, sings his morning hymn; the sun rises over a scene of pastoral innocence and peace. It is a romantic idyll, with an element of dramatic interest rather suggested than elaborated; the story has no conclusive end.

The scenery was designed and invented by Professor Herkomer, who as a Bavarian is familiar with the realities of nature and rustic life in the highlands of that country. The trees and rocks were modelled and painted by five of his assistants. Mr. Herkomer composed the music; the orchestra was conducted by Mr. Carl Armbruster. Two of the songs belong to an opera, with a different story, which Mr. Herkomer and Mr. F. C. Burnand have been writing together. The actors, dancers, and singers of "The Sorceress" are teachers and students of the Herkomer School; Miss Griffiths played the part of the Gipsy Queen, Mr. Wehrschmidt that of the Minstrel; the stolen little boy was Master Robin Flower. Professor Hubert Herkomer himself performed the Young Shepherd; Mr. Herman Herkomer was the Hermit, and Mr. John Herkomer the Old Shepherd. Mr. Burns was the Captain of the Gipsy Band.

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THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Government, with their Unionist colours flying, march from victory to victory in the House of Commons. In the Lords, business also progresses so smoothly that Viscount Cranbrook, courtly Lord President of the Council, now and again can hardly restrain his gaiety of heart, and flits from bench to bench in high spirits, as his Lordship notably did on Primrose Day, when he was one of the few Conservative peers who proudly wore a button-hole of the yellow flower chosen as the emblem of the late Earl of Beaconsfield.

Though not given to the luxury of a button-hole, the Marquis of Salisbury also wore a cluster of primroses on the same day, as did beaming Earl Beauchamp. The Prime Minister, with easy dexterity, disposed of one of Lord Stratheden and Campbell's academic motions, this one being a rambling appeal for a Commission to revise the standing orders of the House. The Twenty-third of April found their Lordships in such good cue for business that, after disposing quickly of a large amount of private business, such as will in future be properly relegated to the new County Councils, they devoted a little time to the consideration of dock accommodation for British men-of-war in the Colonies, Lord Elphinstone satisfying Viscount Sidmouth on this point; they then referred the Lord Chancellor's Land Transfer Bill to a Select Committee; and afterwards passed through Committee the much-needed Electric-Light Act Amendment Bill and the Metropolitan Board of Works Commission Bill. But surely this rather satirically intitled measure is a piece of superfluity, seeing that the coming London County Council is to disestablish it entirely. Lord Salisbury the following day secured the second reading of the Tithe Rent-Charge Bill and the Tithe Rent-Charge Recovery and Variation Bill; and the Earl of Onslow was similarly successful with the Music Copyright Bill, the aim of which is to carry out the sensible recommendation of the '78 Copyright Commissioners. Whilst on this subject of copyright, the noble Earl might well do English authors the justice to protect their works from being pirated on the stage.

Mr. Ritchie gained an unmistakable triumph when he prevailed upon the Commons to read the Local Government Bill the second time without division, on the Twentieth of April. The President of the Local Government Board is so clearly open to reason that he will doubtless readily accept all rational amendments of this great measure in Committee; but as regards the compensation to licensed victuallers for deprivation of license, that clause, Mr. Ritchie repeats, the Ministry will adhere to, and divide upon, if necessary. "He himself has said it," and he is certain to cling to his decision, despite the lively witticisms fired at him in a "spirit of gay wisdom" by Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Resolutely applying the Closure, Mr. W. H. Smith immediately obtained the second reading of the Local Government Electors Bill, consequent on the leading measure of the Session.

The unprecedented state of things on the front Opposition bench threatens to end in an unseemly physical struggle. It represents the unfortunate condition of the Liberal Party since the split on the Irish Home Rule question—a house divided against itself. Still considering themselves entitled to their coign of vantage near the gangway, albeit the Government have no stronger supporters than they, the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, with their two ex-Ministerial colleagues, are yet to be seen seated in line with Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Childers, Sir George Trevelyan, and the rest. But so crowded is the bench often with the Gladstonian contingent that there is barely room left for the Liberal Unionists. Hence it has become necessary for Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Heneage to pause at the bar of the House, and furtively reconnoitre the front Opposition bench to see whether an inch of space be left for them before venturing to march to their places. Stalwart, strong, and muscular, Lord Hartington would be a difficult member to dispossess of his seat. His Lordship plumps down in his favourite corner, throws himself back with a characteristically cool and determined air, and, drawing his hat down over his brows, seems to say, "Displace me if you can!" But so great is the pressure that it has sometimes come to pass that gentler Sir Henry James has had to perch himself on the extreme edge of the bench betwixt Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, until, unable to endure any longer the discomfort of constant slipping, he has been impelled to quit the House.

Mr. Gladstone, who has himself not escaped a squeezing when there has been a full attendance, would have been more than human had he not resented the presence of the "sleeping partners" of the Ministry on the front Opposition bench. The right hon. gentleman was in fine form when he rose on the Twenty-third of April to cross swords with Mr. Goschen, and with a masterly grasp of figures proceeded to support his amendment to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's much-criticised Budget. Mr. Gladstone moved:—"That, in the opinion of this House, after Parliament shall have made the appropriations it may deem just in relief of local rates, the duties accruing upon deaths should be so fixed as to equalise the charge upon real and personal property respectively." The most dramatic part of the cogent and eloquent speech was the close, in which he turned to face Lord Hartington to give force to his earnest appeal that the Liberal Unionists should not support the Ministry on that occasion. But, after Sir Michael Hicks Beach had with ability answered from the Treasury bench, Lord Hartington, later in the evening, made it clear that he had no intention of impeding the progress of needed legislation by turning out the Government of his choice. Mr. Goschen neatly defended himself. A boisterous rally on the part of Sir William Harcourt was followed by the division, in which Mr. Gladstone was defeated by a majority of 93—310 against 217 votes. Meantime, the Gladstonians and Parnellites keep up their spirits by indulgence in vigorous impromptu debates of the kind Mr. Justin McCarthy initiated the following day, when the House was enlivened by the energetic remonstrances of Mr. Gladstone and the Irish members against the recent increase in the severity of sentences passed by County Court Judges in Ireland.

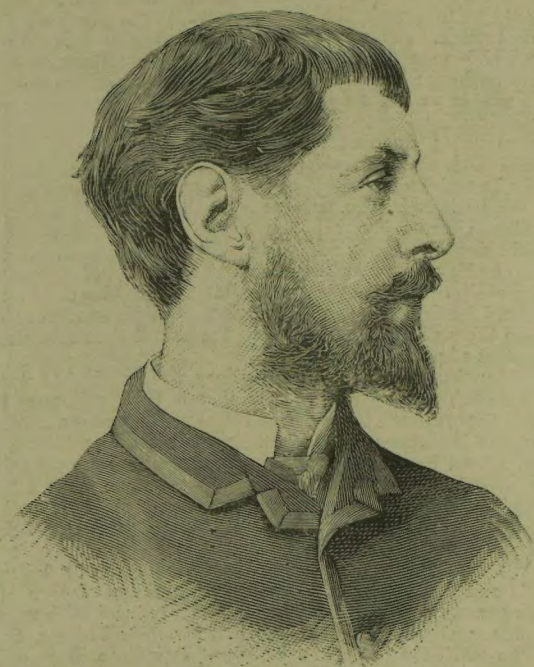
The Earl of Derby, who in these days unobtrusively occupies himself in privately promoting beneficial legislation in Parliament, on Shakespeare's Birthday paid an eloquent tribute to the distinguished man who has consecrated his life to the realisation of Puck's prophetic boast, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." The noble Earl presided at the complimentary dinner given to Sir John Pender, K.C.M.G., at the Hôtel Métropole, and warmly eulogised the new Knight for his triumphant services in the promotion of ocean telegraphy, by means of which, as a later speaker pointed out, so much has been done to weld together the Colonies, India, and England, and bring about that Confederation our leading Statesmen desire. Lord Wolseley and other noblemen also bore witness to the important cablegraphic help the Government had received at the hands of Sir John Pender, who had further the satisfaction of accepting Herkomer's excellent portrait of himself on behalf of Lady Pender. Richly has Sir John Pender merited the honour conferred upon him by the Queen.



1. The Gipsies bearing away their Queen at sunrise.

2. The Gipsy Dance.

3. The Shepherd and his Love.



JULES GIRARDET.



MAURICE COURANT.



LÉON A. LHERMITTE.



ANTOINE A. E. HÉBERT.



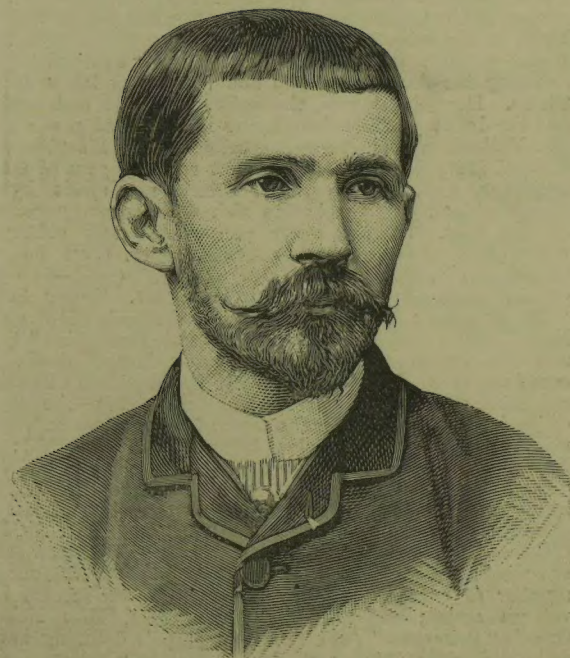
GUSTAVE JACQUET.



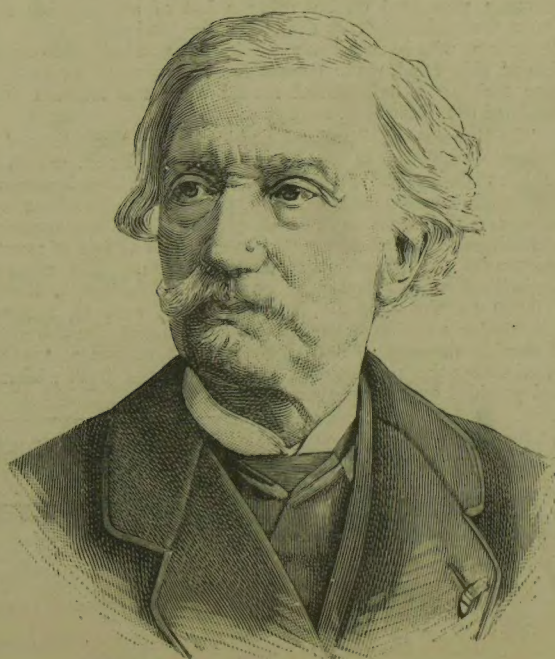
EVARISTE LUMINAIS.



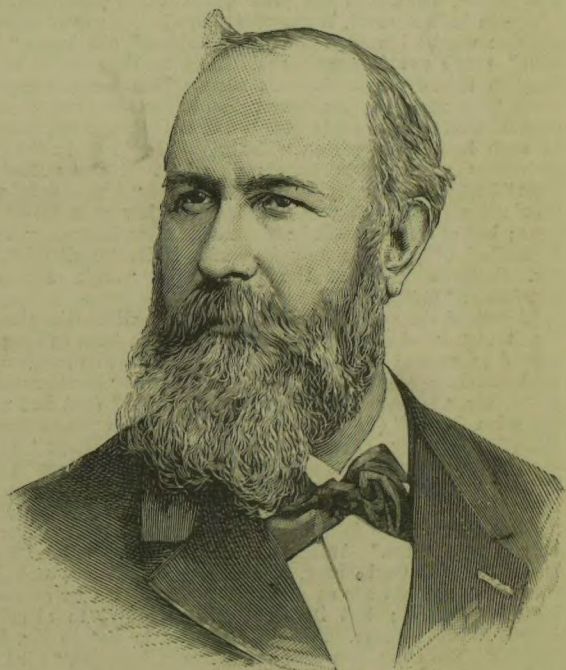
HENRI DUPRAY.



P. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET.



CHARLES JACQUE.



FÉLIX DE VILLEDROY.

OPENING OF THE PARIS
SALON:

SOME LIVING FRENCH
PAINTERS.

[SEE PAGE 464.]

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The "old" Society still retains its supremacy, and, in spite of all rivals, individual and collective, can produce a display of water colours which may challenge comparison with any similar exhibition in either hemisphere. The traditions of the old school, which occupied a rare pre-eminence in art, still survive. In the hands of Callow, Fripp, Whaite, Marshall, North, Boyce, Goodwin, and Naftel among landscapists, and of Sir John Gilbert, Tom Lloyd, Carl Haag, and Wallis among figure-painters, the classical principles of water-colour art are strictly maintained. Even those who are in a sense eclectics never stray into revolutionary ways, or attempt to catch applause by forced effects or risky composition. Nevertheless, this year's exhibition bears witness to the influence of modern ideas on the fixed principles of the society, and not a few pictures indicate that the younger members of the society at least are not disposed to be left behind in appreciating the influence of the times. Sir John Gilbert himself has not often painted anything more distinctly imbued with the Velasquez revival than "A Spanish Infanta" (73), which well deserves the place of honour. The figure of the child in woman's dress, devoting her attention to her dogs and ignoring her courtiers, is full of excellent work and humour; and the sedate old Chamberlain, who occupies the background, is touched with a Vandyke-like dignity. The President's other work, "After the Battle" (126), is more in his usual manner—a somewhat confused, heavily-shaded mass of horsemen hurrying over a ford before a victorious enemy. Such a work is the very antipodes of Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Ferry Ahoy!" (25)—a well-defined group of farm-girls wending their way homewards after the day's toil, but still able to enjoy the brightness of the setting sun and the glories of the haze-veiled harvest moon. Between these two, such a work as Mr. Otto Weber's "A Big Haul" (184), with its carefully-drawn fisherfolk on the wet sands, occupies a middle place. It is simple and definite, true to nature, and well composed; but it scarcely throws into harmony the scenery and the actors as does Mr. Lloyd, following in the footsteps of G. Mason and F. Walker. A still stronger contrast may be found in such works as Mr. Birket Foster's "Market-Place, Verona" (111), and Mr. David Murray's "Market-Day at St. Riquier" (115); but it is better for the public than for the elder artist that the two pictures should be placed almost in juxtaposition. The brilliant costumes, the bright flowers and fruit, the architectural surroundings of the Italian scene are brought out with that photographic accuracy of which Mr. Birket Foster is the master; whilst Mr. Murray contents himself with suggesting the busy crowd, half hidden under their wide umbrellas, intent on the business which brought them together, and conscious that in fair weather or foul the day's routine duty must be performed. It is in the poetry which the artist throws over this appointed task of the Picardy farmers and their wives that the charm of his picture is to be sought. Mr. Herbert Marshall, too, who has done more than any modern artist to rescue London from the reproach of being wanting in architectural features, is best represented by his view from the "Surrey Side of Waterloo Bridge" (94), looking down stream, so that the stately mass of St. Paul's Cathedral forms the centre of that forest of steeples and towers which bears witness to Wren's inexhaustible fancy and taste. In his Cornish scenes, as in "Mevagissey" (61) and "Polruan" (30), Mr. Marshall shows that he can understand the attractions of repose, and can throw into the atmosphere even a suggestion of lazy do-nothingness so attractive to the busy, city-pent man. In one small but carefully finished study of "Dordrecht" (251) he seems to show a new departure: the outline of the old church and its picturesque surroundings is clear-cut and precise, but there is a suggestion of more imaginative colouring than he generally attempts. Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. Alfred Hunt, however, are the two artists whose works are most marked by imagination and fancy. The latter, perhaps, has the more poetic instinct, but it is too often sad and despondent, as in this year's rendering of the East Scar at Whitby; grimly but placidly fair, as "Wind of the Eastern Sea." The strife of sea and land, of sunshine and cloud, is forced upon us by this somewhat melancholy but powerful work, and we turn to his "Autumn in the Lleddr Valley" (238) and his pleasant reminiscence of "The Thames at Sonning" (244), to find with pleasure that for him life is not always a struggle against the elements, but that its course is as varied as his mood. Mr. Albert Goodwin, on the other hand, seems to find scope for his imagination in every clime and under all conditions. He is as much at ease under the shadow of an old cathedral as in following the adventures of "Sindbad the Sailor." This year we have an "Enchanted Island" (70), such as may have delighted the eyes of Ferdinand before his thoughts were centred in Miranda. The delicate colouring of this grotto, in which the pink pelicans are pluming themselves on beds of coral, is one of Mr. Goodwin's most successful efforts; whilst his studies of "Maidstone" (127) and "Lincoln" (143) are interesting additions to that series of the English towns and cathedrals upon which he has been for some time engaged. Another artist who this year shows to considerable advantage is Mr. William Collingwood, whether in such homely scenes as "Hastings" (161) or in the more ambitious atmospheric effects aimed at in the "Dent du Midi" (200) or the "Matterhorn" (154). "Alpenland," with its cloud and mountain effects, inspires few pictures of the year; but of these should be named Mr. Sam Evans's "Monte Cristallo" (45) in the now favourite Dolomite district, and Mr. Callow's view of the picturesque "Main Street of Innsbruck" (146).

Amongst the veteran water-colourists to whom the steadily maintained excellence of the exhibition has been so long due should be noticed Mr. Alfred Fripp's "Lulworth Playground" (10), Mr. George Fripp's "Loch Aline" (20) and "Ben Cruachan" (263), Mr. Clarence Whaite's "Llanbedr Fair" (28) and "The Snowdon Range" (144), Mr. Charles Davidson's "Snow-capped Hills" (106), Mr. Thorne Waite's "Sussex Village" (121), Mr. Basil Bradley's "October Morning on the Thames" (132), Mr. John Parker's "Harvest-Time" (135), Mr. Francis Powell's "Nunnery Woods on the Eden" (139), Mr. Eyre Walker's "Welsh Pasture Lands" (185), Mr. William Callow's "Nuremberg Market-Place." Amongst the figure-painters, Mr. Charles Robertson, Mr. Carl Haag, Miss Edith Martineau, and Miss Constance Phillott are as strong and attractive as ever—the ladies especially; but it is scarcely necessary to allude at length to these works. A word, however, is due to Mr. J. W. North's tribute to the memory of Richard Jefferies, "Sir Bevis and the Woodwoman" (131), a tangled mass of autumn leaves and flowers—a true and touching memorial of Nature's best interpreter in modern times—in absolute contrast to Mrs. Allingham's "Confidences," in a garden carefully trimmed and planted with bright flowers, indicative of ease and comfort. Mr. Henry Moore's "The Needles" (7), on a misty morning, and Mr. Ernest Waterlow's "Cornish Harbour" (16) are among the more delicately handled sea-pictures; and Mr. J. Parker's "Miss Hardcastle" (21) and Mr. W. Wainwright's "News-Letter" are strongly-painted figure-studies. It is difficult to understand the aim of Mr. Poynter's exceedingly prosaic

"Evenings at Home" (13), unless it be to serve as a companion to Mr. Henshall's "Married Life" (211). Mr. Arthur Hopkins's "Under the Blossom" (210) is, on the other hand, an instance of how poetry can be infused into a very common scene of village courtship, by the help of a hawthorn-bush glowing in the bright rays of an early summer sun. We must not conclude without mentioning Miss Clara Montalba's "Gondola Race" (204), Mr. J. D. Watson's "Ironsides" (196), Mr. Charles Robertson's "The Faithful at Prayer" (87), and Mr. Glendon's "A New Sign for an Old Score" (190)—all of them excellent works in their respective lines.

A loan exhibition opened last Saturday at the Village Hall, Weybridge, by the Duchess (Elizabeth) of Wellington, is interesting as showing the unrecognised wealth of art treasures in our midst. Although only the neighbouring families, gentle and simple, were asked to contribute, the rooms and walls have been thoroughly and well filled. The old masters are represented by Velasquez, Luini, Teniers, Van Ostade, and others—the Dutch school naturally predominating. The deceased masters include Reynolds, Lely, Angelica Kauffmann, and an almost unbroken line of water-colour painters from Turner to David Cox. Of living artists in both oils and water colours there is no lack of good specimens. Mr. MacLachlan's Alpine sketches occupy a large space on the walls; whilst on the tables, in addition to a goodly array of old china, metal-work, and bric-à-brac, are some curious and interesting relics of the "Great Duke" of Wellington, including the watch he wore at Waterloo. The pleasant village of Weybridge is so accessible from town that this exhibition should attract many people in search of the picturesque and artistic, combined with fresh air.

We are requested to call attention to the exhibition of pictures and objects of interest connected with the Royal House of Stuart, which is proposed to be held at the New Gallery next winter. Lord Ashburnham is the president of the committee, but all communications should be addressed to the secretary. The object of the committee is to collect all the authentic portraits of the various members of the Stuart family, from Mary, Queen of Scots, down to the Cardinal of York; to bring together any hitherto unknown or little-known manuscripts or documents relating to the family; and to form, as far as possible, a collection of undoubted relics personally connected with some member of the family. Many such are, doubtless, existing in various parts of the world, and it is to be hoped that their present possessors will co-operate liberally with the committee, in whose work her Majesty the Queen is showing the most lively and active interest.

Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Co. (Garriek-street) have on view an interesting stained-glass window designed for the parish church of Prescot, near Liverpool, to be erected in memory of the late Mr. William Lees Evans. The design is an adaptation of the parable of the Talents, bearing witness to the life of the deceased. The cost of this window has been defrayed almost wholly by the subscriptions of the working-men and others amongst whom Mr. Evans passed his life, and to whose welfare he devoted his time and his means. "He dwelt among his own people," might be truly said of this open-handed, large-minded gentleman, who found a return for his "talents" in the esteem of all classes during his life, and this fitting tribute to his memory.

AS THE LATE ROSE.

As the late rose sees early summer perish,
Die ere her deep heart opens to the sun,
So some souls still their garnered treasure cherish—
Patiently waiting, waiting still for One!
One tender voice, one thrilling touch awaiting—
One magic power alone in all the land—
At whose enchantment they shall wake, vibrating
Like smitten harp-strings to the master's hand.
Heart that to one heart only is the dearest,
Soul that to one soul only is the nearest;
Faith that to one faith never fails or falters,
Love that loves always—love that never alters!
This is the love for me!
This is the love for me!

As the late rose sees early roses fading,
Fading and falling from the parent tree,
Whilst her fresh beauties to the day are spreading,
Such love, once given, shall ever youthful be.
Love lightly won is but a short-lived blossom;
Love deep and true Time has no power to slay.
Resting in peace on one beloved bosom—
I thine, thou mine, for ever and for aye!
Thy heart to my heart only is the dearest,
Thy soul to my soul only is the nearest;
Thy faith to my faith cannot fail or falter,
Thy love to my love may not change nor alter!
Thine is the love for me!
Thine is the love for me!

CLO. GRAVES.

At a Court of the Sons of the Clergy, held at the Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place, on April 21, the first distribution of the Clergy Distress Fund, since the recently announced enlargement of its scope, took place, and large numbers of clergymen, whose incomes have suffered from the rapidly diminishing value of the tithe, are taking advantage of the extended application of the fund, and Mr. Paget Bowman presented on Saturday a list of seventy-five cases, drawn from almost every diocese of England and Wales. The Governors, who have taken a special interest in the administration of this fund, made grants from it amounting to £2740, thus making a substantial inroad upon the balance in the hands of the Governors.

The Countess of Stafford presided over a meeting of the General Committee of the Women's Jubilee Fund, which was held at Grosvenor House on April 20. The Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Westminster, the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Countess of Stafford, and Lady Magheramorne were chosen as a sub-committee to select an article of personal adornment for presentation to the Queen. The necessary resolutions were adopted to enable the trustees to transfer £70,000 to the Queen's Nursing Fund, and to set aside £10,000 for a statue of the late Prince Consort. On the motion of the Marchioness of Salisbury, Lady Stafford was warmly thanked for the unwearied tact and energy with which she had presided over the movement.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

APRIL 28, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Threepence-halfpenny*. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

Although in the commodious and well-lighted galleries of the "new" society upwards of 900 pictures are hung, it is scarcely too much to say that the exhibition would have been twice as interesting with half the number of works. It is impossible to deny to the majority a certain technical skill which distinguishes them from purely amateur productions; but to say that the school of English water-colour painting is enriched or advanced by the majority of such exercises in manual dexterity would be to ignore the debt we owe to our greater artists in this branch. Some of the best supporters of this exhibition, such as Messrs. Abbey, Clausen, Gow, Napier Hemy, and others, send nothing; whilst others who have shown before in strength are now but weakly represented. Possibly there may be only a passing cloud resting on the institute; but it is of inauspicious augury at a moment when exhibitions are being so widely multiplied. The President himself, Sir J. D. Linton, sends only two pictures, "Sacharissa" (23) and "The Lady Peverill" (559), both, it is true, painted with that intensity and strength which characterise all the artist's work. But although Sacharissa is stately and Lady Peverill graceful, one cannot help feeling how much both owe to their brocaded dresses and rich attire. In the case of the latter, too, the elaboration of the red feather fan she holds in her hand diverts our attention from the real centre of interest. It was not thus that the great masters of portraiture worked.

Glancing round the West Gallery, the eye lights upon Mr. Hine's bright rendering of "Kingston Hill" (3), near Lewes, with the wide-stretching South Downs beyond—a thoroughly English landscape, in its best summer garb; whilst, near it, Mr. Alfred Parsons gives us an impression of the same district on an "Autumn Morning" (8). Mr. James Webb's "Rainy Day" (25) is a more ambitious rendering of cloud and mist, which, in spite of a certain suggestion of artifice, catches the attention and revives uncomfortable recollections of country life. Mr. William Weatherhead's single figure of "A Puritan" (16) and Mr. Henry G. Massey's "Daughters of Eve" (26)—two buxom girls gathering apples—are painted with more than ordinary strength and breadth. Mr. MacWhirter, in both "The Seal Rocks" (36) of San Francisco Bay and the more familiar Swiss capital, "Berne" (70), attempts a bold experiment in colour which is only partially successful, owing to the fact that he has considered the atmosphere itself as objective. We are glad to see Mr. Frank Dillon once again in his older and better style, and in the "Camera de Loros" (80) and the "Courtyard in Cairo" (237) he distinguishes with true insight the differences of Madeira and Egyptian atmosphere, and in the latter case keeps clear of the overcolouring and decoration which form the stock-in-trade of the German followers of Professor Müller and other "Egyptologists" with which our exhibitions are overdone. Mr. Arthur Severn touches a sadder note in the story of life's toil in his "Mussel-Gatherers" (89), hurrying back over the dangerous sands of the Solway Firth to escape the swift-advancing tide. The long line of dark figures, over which hangs a threatening sky just lighted by the pale rays of the setting sun, tells the story of the dangers which daily await the bread-winners, male and female, of that district. Mr. Dollman's cart-horses, "In Clover" (73), on the other hand, show how sweet is rest after toil; but he is unable to throw into such a work that humorousness which is his best quality. Sir John Adye's "Fort of Gwalior" (98), the source of so much jealousy and heartburning, is more than usually good for an amateur; and although Mr. B. Donne's "Saas-Fée Glacier" (109) is somewhat cold in colour, it is excellent in outline, and truthful in composition. Mr. J. R. Wells's "Treasure Galleon" (111)—a reminiscence of the times of the Armada—is plunging laboriously and heavily under a sense of its responsibilities as the English Channel narrows and the dangers from French privateersmen increase. There is some good honest drawing in this picture, and the vessel rides well upon the chopping sea. Mr. Joseph Nash is more dramatic in his clever "Fugitives" (134). A wounded Jacobin has been brought by his faithful attendant to the shore, and the question seems to be whether the boat putting off from the lugger in the distance will reach land in time to save the young laird from the twofold danger to which he is exposed—recapture or death from exhaustion. Two landscapes conceived in a very different spirit, Mr. James Grace's "At Evening's Close" (135) and Mr. Joseph Knight's "Grey of the Morning" (141), display both artists in a favourable light. In the former a bank of bright flowers, in the latter the clear, hard line of the moorland, suggest, respectively, the end and beginning of the day of toil. Mr. Walter Langley's "Village Idyll" (164) is a somewhat more ambitious attempt to render the contrast between youth and age didactic. The old woman who occupies the foreground has already done service for Mr. Langley on a former occasion, and there is but little novelty or imagination in the arrangement of the standing girls and seated fisherman. Their attitudes are easy, and their pose homely—the background of the picture, representing a Cornish bay in full sunlight, is the most effective part of the picture. Mrs. Edith Berkeley, also, has a very satisfactory "Pastoral" (146), choosing the Surrey meadows and the young lambs for her theme. Her colouring is, throughout, delicate and subdued, and the drawing of the shepherdess not without rustic grace. Mr. Fulleylove must be congratulated upon his "Magdalen Tower" (147), at once the foreground and the gem of Oxford buildings, and, as the artist shows, not spoilt by the recent widening of the bridge rich with so many memories of the past. Of the other pictures in this gallery, of which space fails us to speak at length, must be mentioned Mr. N. Cipriani's "He is Coming" (182)—two girls on the steps of a Venetian palace; Mr. Arthur Stock's "The Humming-Top" (186), Mr. O. Rickatson's "Mill on the Nene" (176), Mr. Wimper's "Moor at Inveroykel" (169), and Mr. James Orrock's "Kinharvey Moor" (193), two excellent breezy Scotch scenes; Mr. Stephen Dadd's humorous rendering of kitten life, "Before the Beak" (194)—the majesty of justice appearing under the form of a barn-door owl, whose mid-day rest three intrusive kittens have disturbed; Mr. Ernest Parton's "Peep at the Sea" (212), and Mr. W. May's "Loo Rock, Funchal Bay" (204), both bright renderings of sunny scenes; Mr. Phené Spiers's clever, but almost too accurate, studies of "Melrose Abbey" (150 and 206); Mr. John O'Connor's "View of Cadiz" (241), in the rich mellow shades of sunset; Mr. P. Mitchell's "Anstey's Cove" (273), one of a number of excellent studies of South Devon scenery by a veteran artist; and amongst flower-pieces, Miss Melicent Grose's "Primroses" (85), Miss Youngman's drooping flowers and dead birds (240), and Mrs. Duffield's "Yellow Roses" (261). The other two galleries we reserve for a future notice.

The graduation ceremonial in arts, divinity, law, and science, at Edinburgh University, took place on April 18 in the United Presbyterian Synod-hall, when degrees were conferred by the Vice-Chancellor of the university, with the customary forms.—St. Andrew's University was formally closed for the session on the same day, by the annual graduation ceremonial which took place in the library-hall of the university.

MUSIC.

The third concert of the seventy-sixth season of the Philharmonic Society occurred too late (on April 19) for more than brief mention until now. The occasion included the first performance of M. Widor's music to "A Walpurgis Night," composed (it was said) expressly for the society and conducted by himself; and the first appearance here of Otto Hegner, the juvenile pianist, whose remarkable playing at his recitals has lately been commented on by us. M. Widor's work is entirely orchestral, and consists of three principal divisions: an overture, an "Adagio" movement, and a final "Allegro con fuoco" (preceded by an *andante*). The poetic basis of the overture is indicated by some lines quoted from passages assigned to Mephistopheles beginning "The night with the mist is black;" the introductory "Adagio" being, as stated, suggestive of "l'idée philosophique générale de l'œuvre." There is much impassioned writing, with many sonorous orchestral effects in the overture, to which the occasional passages of calm that occur intermittently in the following adagio, suggested by the second part of Goethe's drama (perhaps the best portion of the musical work) afford a welcome contrast. The final movement recurs to the Walpurgis-Night scene on the Brocken, and is replete with wild and grotesque revelry. The music of M. Widor, if not deeply reflective of Goethe's metaphysical meaning, is highly characteristic, and contains some skilful, although occasionally over-wrought, orchestral writing. The work and its composer were warmly applauded. Young Hegner's principal performance was in the first movement of John Field's second pianoforte concerto (in A flat), a work in which there is much florid grace—of somewhat too delicate and minute a character, however, to make an effect in a large room. Its execution by the little pianist was admirable for fluency and refinement. Unaccompanied solos by the same performer, Macfarren's overture to "Romeo and Juliet," that to Weber's "Der Freischütz," and Beethoven's Symphony in A completed the instrumental selections. Miss H. Wilson, for whom an apology was made on account of cold and hoarseness, nevertheless gave good effect to Mr. Prout's scena, "The Song of Judith." With the exception of this and M. Widor's music, Mr. Cowen fulfilled his appointed office as conductor. The next concert takes place on May 3, when Herr Edvard Grieg will make his first appearance in England.

The close of the thirty-second series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace—with the twenty-first performance, on April 14—has already been recorded. The usual supplemental concert, for the benefit of Mr. Manns, the conductor, took place on April 21, when the programme comprised several special features. Herr Karl Formes, the celebrated German basso, made his appearance after an absence of some twenty years. He first appeared in London in 1849, in a German operatic company at Drury-Lane Theatre, and was also heard, afterwards, in Italian performances at the Covent-Garden establishment, among his latest engagements having been that at the Princess's Theatre—in the dramatic representation of Handel's "Acis and Galatea." He possessed a sonorous voice of great power and compass, and his dramatic instincts were such as are not common among stage vocalists. Of course, at his now advanced age his powers are impaired, although still very remarkable under the circumstances. At the Crystal Palace Concert now referred to, Herr Formes sang Mozart's aria "In diesen heil'gen Hallen" ("Qui sdegno"), and the "Piff-paff" song from "Les Huguenots"; and was much applauded in each. The young lady with the pseudonym of Nikita (whose successful progress we have recently noticed) also contributed to the vocal selection by singing—with much charm—pieces in which she had previously been heard; and a first appearance in England was made by Madame C. Reconschewicz, who was favourably received in her delivery of Fides's touching appeal to her son, from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," and two German lieder. Herr Wessely played, with skilful execution, a violin solo by Viennese; and M. Gillet made a successful first appearance in three violoncello solos, one being a paraphrase by Mr. Manns of Härtel's "Abendständchen." The programme was completed by familiar items not calling for specification. The full state of the concert-room testified to the popularity of the conductor and the attractions of the occasion. A grand afternoon ball concert is announced for April 28, supported by eminent vocalists, with the co-operation of the Crystal Palace choir and orchestra, conducted by Mr. Manns.

Mr. William Carter's recent concert at the Royal Albert Hall drew a large attendance. A varied programme included effective vocal performances by Nikita and Mr. Sims Reeves, Otto Hegner's remarkable pianoforte playing, and other attractive features.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society—conducted by Mr. Barnby—gave a fine performance of "Elijah" (in the afternoon) on the occasion of the close of the seventeenth season on April 21. Madame Nordica, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills were the principal solo vocalists. A supplemental concert is to be given on Tuesday afternoon, May 8, when Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" will be performed, by command of her Majesty; Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. C. Banks, Mr. Santley, and Mr. W. Mills being announced as principal vocalists.

The fourth pianoforte recital of young Otto Hegner took place, at Prince's Hall, on April 21, when his admirable rendering of a selection from Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Weber, Chopin, and Liszt, again proved the sterling value as well as the extraordinary precocity of his gifts and powers. The piece by Haydn was his Hungarian trio, in which the pianist was associated with Mr. Ludwig and Mr. Whitehouse. The young pianist is to give a grand orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, April 30, when he will play Beethoven's first concerto and some unaccompanied pieces.

Mr. G. Frank, violinist (from the Brussels Conservatoire), held an evening concert at Steinway Hall, on Friday, April 20; several artists contributing to the programme. Mr. Frank displayed good qualities of style and execution in several pieces.

We have already drawn attention to the concert in aid of the London Homœopathic Hospital, announced to take place at St. James's Hall on April 23, with the co-operation of several eminent artists, including Madame Nordica, Herr Karl Formes, Miss Hope Glenn, and others.

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society held a smoking concert at Prince's Hall on Monday evening, April 23, another being appointed for May 12.

Mr. Emanuel Moor announced pianoforte recitals to take place, at Steinway Hall, on the afternoons of April 24 and May 1.

The Guildhall School of Music advertised a students' concert on April 25; similar concerts being announced for May 9 and 23, June 6 and 20, and July 4.

Miss Alice Gomes, the esteemed vocalist, was to give an afternoon concert at Prince's Hall on Thursday, April 26.

The concert announced for April 27, at Steinway Hall, by

Mr. O. Bradley (Musical Director of the People's Palace, Mile-End-road), had the special feature of consisting entirely of music by Brahms. The programme comprised the names of several well-known vocalists and instrumentalists.

The Royal Academy of Music announces a students' orchestral concert at St. James's Hall for Saturday evening, April 28; a recital by that sterling pianist Madame Frickenhans having been fixed for the afternoon of the same date, at Prince's Hall. There were twenty-nine candidates in the competition for the Lady Goldsmid scholarship, which took place at the Royal Academy of Music on April 23, the award being given to Catherine Rodbard. In the competition for the Sterndale Bennett scholarship, for which there were four candidates, Cuthbert Nunn was successful.

Mr. Theodore Werner has organised three orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall, the first of which is fixed for Monday evening, April 30; the dates of the others being Tuesday evenings, May 15 and 29.

Among the concert announcements of the week was that of Miss Florence Lane-Fox at Addison Hall, Kensington.

Mr. Piercy and Mr. Brereton have been added to the list of solo vocalists engaged for the forthcoming Birmingham Festival. Some changes in the arrangement of the performances will be more safely referred to when the official programme is issued with definite announcements.

THE LATE BISHOP WORDSWORTH.

The monument placed in the retro-choir of Lincoln Cathedral to the memory of the late Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, who died three years ago, was unveiled by the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, and committed to the charge of the Dean and Chapter, after an appropriate religious service. The architectural and decorative design was furnished by



MONUMENT OF BISHOP WORDSWORTH IN LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

Messrs. Bodley and Garner, of Gray's Inn-square, London, and the work was executed by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, of Westminster Bridge-road. We give an illustration of the design, which is in the form of an elongated octagon, supporting a lofty canopy of elaborate tabernacle work, the height to the top being 24½ ft. Each of the eight sides is formed by a richly-foliated arch, under ogee canopies, with crockets and finials, the whole being framed in a tall triangular pediment. Above rises a small tabernacle, pinnacled, containing the image of our Lord, with His right hand raised in blessing, and bearing the volume of the Gospels under His left arm. The base of the tomb has niches containing the statues of the Twelve Apostles. The effigy, which is life-size, represents the Bishop in a richly-embroidered cope and mitre, his head supported by angels and his foot resting on the dragon, symbolising the powers of evil trampled under foot, the point of the pastoral staff, which lies at his left hand, piercing the dragon's mouth. The sculptor was M. Guillemin, by whom also the sculpture of the new reredos at St. Paul's was executed. Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. G. Hadley, Castle-hill, Lincoln.

The great annual gathering of the Primrose League was held on April 19, in Her Majesty's Theatre, where Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., presided. Meetings, concerts, entertainments, and other celebrations of the anniversary were held in the metropolis and throughout the country.

Mr. J. W. McCarthy, barrister-at-law, of Elm-court, Temple, and the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed standing counsel to the Chinese Legation in London, in succession to the late Mr. W. H. Brereton; and Mr. John Deasy, M.P., has been called to the Irish Bar.

The Glasgow Exhibition, which is to be formally opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, was inspected on April 21 by a numerous body of representatives of the Press from all parts of the United Kingdom. When finished, the exhibition will undoubtedly be one of the finest yet held out of London. It is magnificently situated in Kelvingrove Park, at the west end of the city, and is commandingly overlooked, from a picturesque drive, at a considerable elevation.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Company of Vintners have given five guineas to the funds of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen.

At the annual dinner in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund subscriptions amounting to £800 were announced.

In celebration of the jubilee of the Hackney Benevolent Pension Society a fancy bazaar, representing a military camp, took place at the Morley Hall, Mare-street, Hackney, on April 24 and two following days.

On April 24 the annual festival of the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress was held at the Hôtel Métropole—the Lord Mayor presiding. Subscriptions to the amount of £2233 were announced.

At the Athenæum, Camden-road, N.W., the Stamboul Bazaar, under the patronage of Princess Christian, was held on April 26 and two following days, on behalf of the North-West London Hospital, Kentish-town-road.

Princess Christian on April 21 opened the newly-erected Lecture Hall of the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel. Her Royal Highness was received by the Lord Mayor, president of the institute, and other officials; and, having declared the hall open, purses were presented containing an aggregate of £600.

A concert was given on April 21 at Grosvenor House, in aid of the funds of the South London District Nursing Association, for nursing the poor in their own homes, in connection with the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association. The performers were the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is president.

The liberal benefactor of Barnstable, Mr. W. F. Rock, not content with presenting a public park, an institute, and library, to his birthplace, has, in conjunction with his sister, Mrs. Payne, given a grant for a seaside home at Morthoe, to be attached to the Barnstable Infirmary. Earl Fortescue, who presented the site for this new convalescent home, recently laid the foundation-stone, and deservedly eulogised the generosity of Mr. Rock and Mrs. Payne.

The thirty-sixth anniversary festival of the City Orthopaedic Hospital was held on April 19 at the Holborn Restaurant, the Lord Mayor presiding, supported by Mr. Sheriff Davies and Mr. Sheriff Higgs. In proposing the toast of the evening, the Lord Mayor said the institution is doing immense good, and deserves far greater support than is at present extended to it. Since the foundation of the hospital it has relieved 50,000 deformed persons, and in the course of last year alone, 2500 were assisted. The subscriptions amounted to £900.

The annual fancy-dress ball in aid of the Italian Benevolent Society and the French Hospital was held on April 18 at the Freemasons' Tavern, under the patronage of the Lord Mayor and Mr. H. Burnley Heath, Consul-General of Italy. The committee of the Italian Benevolent Society expend nearly a thousand pounds yearly in assisting their necessitous countrymen with pensions and grants of food and clothing, while a considerable portion of their income is devoted to the praiseworthy object of providing free passages for Italians desirous of returning to their native land.

The Duke of Cambridge presided on April 19 at a festival dinner in aid of the funds of the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary for Scrofula at Margate, which was given in the Whitehall Room of the Hôtel Métropole. The institution is an old one, dating as far back as July 2, 1791, and since its foundation 37,788 patients have passed through the infirmary, the number last year being 672, of which number 177 were discharged cured, 295 benefited or greatly benefited, while 146 remained under treatment. During the evening donations were announced amounting to nearly £1300.

A conference convened by the National Association of Certified Reformatory and Industrial Schools was held on Tuesday, April 24, and three following days. The opening meeting took place at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding; and the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Onslow, and Cardinal Manning were among the chairmen of subsequent sittings. Delegates attended from certified schools in different parts of the United Kingdom, and representatives of America, France, Germany, and Switzerland read papers on reformatory work in those countries.

The Earl of Stafford presided at the fourth annual meeting of the Gordon Hospital, which is situated at No. 278, Vauxhall Bridge-road, held on April 18 at Willis's Rooms. The annual report, read by the secretary (Mr. A. S. Hinekes), showed that the income of the hospital for the past year amounted to £867, and that the expenditure was £938. The committee regretted that they were again under the necessity of borrowing to meet pressing liabilities, and that the total debt on the hospital is now £700. The number of in-patients treated during the year was ninety-eight, and many more might have been received but for the poverty of the hospital.

The Theatrical Mission Institute is progressing well. The one room opened in King-street, eight years ago, was the origin of the noble edifice which now stands in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, and which has been used during the past two months by 13,600 young persons of all creeds and nationalities. Few, except those in the profession, can realise what a boon this institute is. After the weary rehearsal, how glad the little ones are of the "Nest," as the children's room is called; and the elder members of the profession are thankful to lounge in the easy chairs provided for their use, and partake of the excellent luncheons and table d'hôte dinners. The youths were not forgotten when the kind founder, Mr. Courthope Todd, planned these spacious premises for the profession. The gymnasium is much appreciated, and the class-rooms and lectures of this Christian Mission are well attended. Two thousand pounds are required to complete the purchase of the institute.

The London Church Choir Association held its fifteenth annual festival in St. Paul's Cathedral on April 26.

Mr. John Bridge, Metropolitan Police Magistrate, has been elected a Bencher of the Inner Temple, in succession to the late Mr. W. Beasley, Q.C.

The directors of the Bank of England have contributed £105 in aid of the Lord Mayor's fund for the relief of the sufferers by the floods in Germany. The Lord Mayor has remitted another sum of £1000 to Berlin for the sufferers.

The Duke of Portland presided on April 28 at the annual meeting of the supporters of the Home of Rest for Horses, held at Willis's Rooms. The report stated that during the year ninety horses had been admitted, and of these but one had to be shot, the others having been treated successfully. The Duke of Portland was elected president of the society.

The Great Eastern Railway Company have ordered from Earle's Shipbuilding Company, of Hull, a new steamer for their Continental service. This vessel is a sister ship of the s.s. Cambridge, which is a favourite boat on the Harwich-Antwerp route. She will be 280 ft. long, 31 ft. beam, with a set of twin-screw engines calculated to indicate 2200-horse power. The saloons will be placed forward of the engines, as in the Atlantic liners, and will be fitted with the electric-light and a special system of ventilation.



PICTURES AT THE PARIS SALON: "PORTRAIT DE MA FILLE."
BY CAROLUS DURAN.



PICTURES AT THE PARIS SALON: "JEUNES FILLES SE RENDANT A LA PROCESSION."

BY JULES BRETON.

CHES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor

The Hon. Thomas White, Dominion Minister of the Interior, died on April 21.—The Fisheries Treaty Bill has been read a third time in the Canadian House of Commons, and sent to the Senate.—After being in operation for three years, the temperance option law, on being submitted to the electors in seven counties of the Province of Ontario, was rejected by large majorities.

The opening of the annual Exhibition of Fine Arts, commonly called the Salon, is an event always regarded with much expectation by the Parisian world. Two of the pictures by eminent French artists, whose contributions are the more important as they do not send new works to the Salon every year, are represented in our Engravings. That which M. Carolus Duran has painted is the portrait of his daughter; and its personal interest, to those acquainted with the artist and his family, will no doubt procure for it additional notice, beyond its value as a picture. M. Duran, of whom we gave a portrait and memoir, with those of other living French painters, just a twelvemonth ago, has now reappeared at the Salon. M. Jules Breton's picture is that of a company of young maidens, in a primitive district of the country, on their road to the celebration of a local religious festival; each bearing a branch intended to represent the palm, with a child going before who carries the parish offertory in a basket, and with the banner of the patron saint borne in the rear of this rustic procession.

Almost by the time that these lines are in print, the famous Gaiety company—headed by those clever and distinguished artists, Mr. Fred. Leslie and Miss Nelly Farren—will be off and away on their travels to Australia, and subsequently to America. The pleasant rest on board the Orient mail-steamer will do them good, after the fatigues of innumerable benefits and matinées and farewell performances, and they will arrive at the Antipodes to find a crowd of fresh friends and seas of new faces, glad to welcome them in another England. The enterprise of Australia in the matter of theatricals is looking up. Comparatively few of our greatest or most popular artists have ventured on so long a journey, for the very good reason that the expense of the double journey, and the enforced rest of so many weeks, takes the gilt off the gingerbread. Unsupported stars or single-handed entertainers can go to Australia with comparative comfort; but, for instance, such a trip would scarcely suit Mr. Irving, who always travels with his company and scenery as well, and would require the aid of more large theatrical cities than exist in all Australia and New Zealand to prevent a loss on the transaction. But, by taking Australia and America *en bloc*, the speculators in the Gaiety company hope to do well. It is certain that the welcome to the English artists will be everywhere enthusiastic. For both Mr. Leslie and Miss Farren possess very exceptional talent, and have learned to play into one another's hands. Miss Farren has acted incessantly at the Gaiety for twenty years, and was distinguished on the stage even before that. She appeared in the opening play with Constance Loseby and Annie Tremaine in the "Princesse de Trébizonde," and she has never disappointed the public once or shirked her work in that long time. Few actresses of her notoriety have improved more in recent years. Her method is gaining richness and strength; to her natural fun she now adds genuine power. Five or six years ago no one would have believed that Miss Farren could suddenly put forth such strength as she did in "Monte Cristo" and in "Jack Sheppard," whenever she happened to be intrusted with a position that suggested melodramatic intensity. If anyone doubts her improvement as an actress and the broadening of her style, they have only to see her as Nan in "Good for Nothing," in which character she has simply no rival at the present day. No one could more accurately portray the tomboy of the London streets, the pure, unadulterated cockney girl; whilst her changes from fun to sentiment are extremely delicate and tenderly sympathetic. Had destiny not willed it otherwise, both Mr. Leslie and Miss Farren might have distinguished themselves in a far wider field of art. Mr. Leslie might well have played the real Rip Van Winkle, as Miss Farren might have rivalled even Mrs. Keeley as the real Jack Sheppard in the old play that came to the English stage through the French drama "Les Chevaliers du Brouillard." The stage has no more inventive actor than Mr. Leslie. He scarcely ever does the same thing in the same way. Each article of furniture suggests a new bit of business. He sits at a table and pulls out the table-drawer; and, behold! with bent back he is playing the organ and pulling out the stops. He seizes up a chair; and, hey, presto! it is a barrel-organ, with a monkey led by a string. He blows out his cheeks and he is a roystering schoolboy; he sucks them in and he is an old grandfather of eighty. Facial expression, alertness, inventiveness, and the true force of pantomime and gesture, all belong to this very talented comedian, who fell into the toils of burlesque, from which it is not easy to release him. He is a most admirable artist, and he might have been a really great actor. However, wherever he is, he does much to encourage the gaiety of nations, which, in the case of England, cannot fail to be eclipsed for some months to come.

Alderman Sir Benjamin Samuel Phillips has resigned his seat in the Court of Aldermen as the representative of the Ward of Farringdon Within, owing to failing health.

Communications to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J W Shaw (Montreal)—Thanks for compliment. The problem was, unfortunately, unsound ; otherwise it would have been quite up to our standard.

OLD LADY (Paterson, Jersey, U.S.)—We agree with you, but see answer above.

HEREU—RD.—We do not understand your suggestion. The author's solution, or any other, becomes impossible on your emendation.

GUSTAVE MORSCHE.—Thanks for your contributions. The game is under examination, but we do not think your problems of much use. A hasty examination gives the following flaws. No. 1.—1. Q to B 8th (ch), K to K 4th; 2. B to K B 6th, &c. No. 2.—1. Kt takes P (ch), Kt takes Kt ; 2. Q takes Kt, and mate follows next move.

G ADAMSON.—Much obliged for your communication and inclosure.

J J WATTS.—Problem received, and shall be published in the course of a week or two.

R WORTERS and J COLLINS.—The author of No. 2288 gives to your suggested solution by 1. K to Kt 5th the defence of 1. K to Q 4th, followed by 2. Kt to Q B 3rd.

GEORGETTE, PETERHOUSE, and MRS. KELLY will be answered respecting No. 2291 next week.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2293 received from Lieutenant-Colonel Loraine, J W (Toronto), and F M ; of Problem No. 2296 from Benedict, Hermit, J W Wilkinson, L Desanges, H V B, and C E P.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2297 received from Hermit, J J Hull, Jupiter Junior, E Casella (Paris), L Wym n, E Phillips, Howard A, H Lucas, J Hepworth Shaw, Dane John, Benedict, Hereward, L Sharswood, E Sharswood, T G (Ware), Bernard Reynolds, G J Powell, Shadforth, R Worters (Canterbury), A C W (Dover), H J M, L Penfold, E W Sinnett (Sergeant-Major R.A.), J D McCoy (Colonel), Alexander, J, Robert, G M, J. C. M., Indo-China, J D Tucker, (Leeds), E E H, W Shaw (Sheffield), G T Manley, G J Vcale, Rev Winfield Cooper, Alpha, E Shaw, T Chown, W Droyen, J Ross, H V B, R H Brooks, Major Prichard, W R Railleim, Mrs Kelly, J Sage, Sergeant, C E P, and Dr F St.

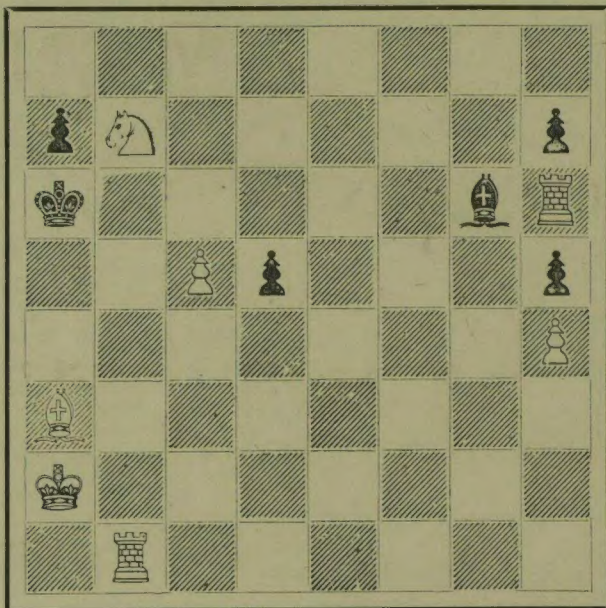
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2295.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 4th	K to K 4th or Kt 4th
2. Q to K Kt sq	K takes Kt or to B 5th
3. Q or B mates.	

If Black play 1. K to K 6th, then 2. Q to K sq (ch); if 1. K to Kt 6th, then 2. Q to K B sq, &c.

By J. A. W. HUNTER.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in four moves.

The following amusing game occurred in the Challenge Cup Tournament now in progress at the Bristol and Clifton Chess Club.
(*Sicilian Defence.*)

WHITE (Mr. A. T. Perry)		BLACK (Mr. N. Fedden)		WHITE (Mr. A. T. Perry)		BLACK (Mr. N. Fedden)	
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	16. Kt takes B	Castles (K R)				
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd	17. Castles	Q to Kt 7th				
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. P to B 3rd	K R to K sq				
4. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	19. R to B 2nd	Q to R 8th				
5. P takes P	P takes P	20. Q to K 2nd	R to K 2nd				
6. B to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	21. P to K Kt 4th.	Q R to K sq				
7. P to Q 4th	P to B 5th	22. K to Kt 2nd	R to K 6th				
8. P to Kt 3rd	B to Q Kt 5th						
9. K to Q 2nd	Q to R 4th	Black might have played R takes B, and then White has three remaining pieces for the two Rooks; but P to Q Kt 5th would be unpleasant, the Queen, too, being out of play.					
10. Q Kt to Kt sq	P takes P	23. Q to B 2nd	Q Kt takes Q P				
11. B takes B	Q takes B (ch)	24. P takes Kt	Q takes P				
12. P to B 3rd	P to Kt 7th	25. B to Kt 5th	Kt takes P				
13. P to Q R 3rd.	P takes R (a Q)	26. B takes R	R takes B				
		27. P takes Kt.					
Black is now a Rook ahead; he soon, however, gives up two pieces to free his Queen and bring matters to a crisis.		and Black mates in five moves.					
14. R P takes Q	B to B 4th						
15. K Kt to Q 2nd	B takes Kt						

The handicap at Simpson's presents no new feature, the leaders being still the same as those we announced last week. Mason and Gunsberg, neither of whom has lost a game, met in what was expected to be the decisive struggle of the contest, but it ended in a draw. One of these two will doubtless win, Gunsberg's score being 12½, with four to play; and Mason's 11, with five to play. Bird takes third place with 13, having still to play Mason. The finished scores are Gibbons, 11½; Mortimer, 10½; Lee, 9. As soon as this handicap is over, another, promoted by the British Chess Club, will commence at its place in King's-street, W.C. We understand the entries are already considerable in number, and include most of the prominent London players.

The Plymouth Chess Club handicap has been won by Messrs. Hooper and Murch, who tie for first and second prizes, and Messrs. Wood and Lyon tie for third and fourth.

The City Clubs annual dinner is fixed for Tuesday, May 1, at the Salutation Hotel, Newgate-street, E.C.

An interesting match was played at the City Chess Club on April 18 between picked teams of its first and second class amateurs. The former included Messrs. Lord, Hooke, Heppell, and Block; the latter, Messrs. Ross, Lucas, Hamberger, and Cutler. The result was practically a draw, each side having won one game and drawn three, thus showing that the odds of Pawn and move correctly represented the difference of strength between the two classes. The first were also to meet the third class during the present week. Giving Pawn and two moves, it is to be hoped with an equally satisfactory result.

Her Majesty's ship Warspite, the new first class armoured-plated cruiser, has been passed into the Medway Steam Reserve as fully equipped and ready for service.

On the occasion of presenting prizes and certificates in connection with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, on April 21, at Toynbee Hall, East-End, Lord Ripon said it was one of the distinguishing features of the work of the institution that it endeavoured to make its teaching continuous, without which there was no chance of attaining thoroughness.

The Duke of Cambridge opened the Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition in the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, on April 21. The exhibition, which was organised for the benefit of the French Hospital Building Fund and of the Charing-cross Hospital, comprised articles of food of almost every description, besides kitchen utensils and other appliances connected with cookery. The number of exhibitors, among whom were many large firms of provision dealers, amounted to 221. During the exhibition, lectures on cooking were given, accompanied by practical demonstrations.—The anniversary dinner of the United Friendly Society of Cooks and Confectioners was held the same evening at St. James's Hall Restaurant.—Mr. J. T. Peacock presided. The society has been continuously at work for sixty-two years administering relief to invalid and aged brethren, and in giving that pecuniary assistance so necessary at the time of death. He made an earnest appeal for further assistance.

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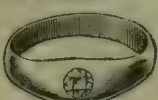
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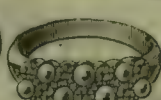
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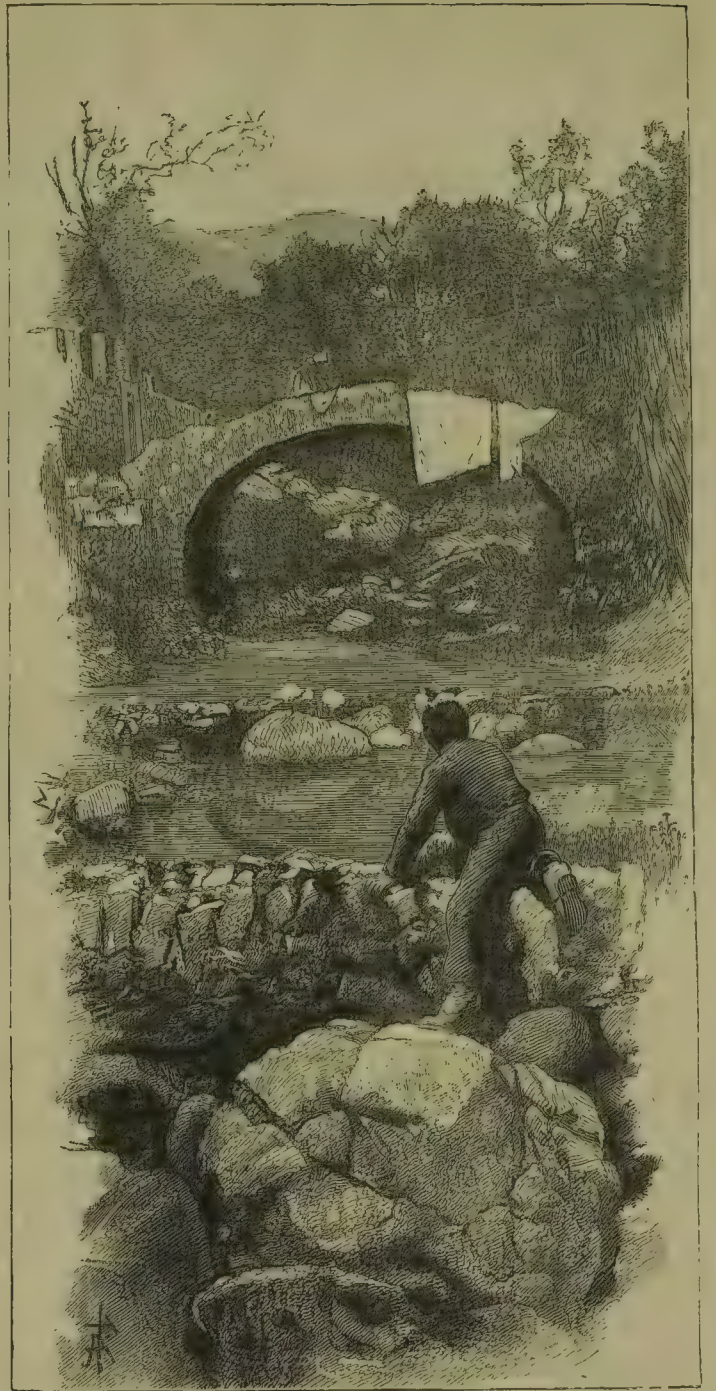
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SKETCHES AT SAN REMO.

The genial warmth and glad sunshine of spring is so long delayed this year, that many English families are still likely to be lingering on the shores of the Riviera. Some may even now be visiting San Remo, that beautiful and safe retreat from the wintry or unseasonable cold winds that have vexed most parts of Europe, which has so often been spoken of, since last Christmas, in connection with the health of an illustrious invalid. For lovers of the picturesque, which abounds on the Ligurian coast both in the old towns and the neighbouring valleys, few places can have greater attractions. Two companion Sketches by our Artist present an example of each kind of subject; here is one of the curious nooks and corners among the narrow streets of the little upper city, where the houses are constructed, in view of the chances of earthquake, with supporting arches and flying-buttresses to assist in holding up each other; and here is a scene in the valley of San Romolo, we believe it is, where the bed of the stream, which at certain times pours down from the mountains an immense volume of water, raging with tremendous force, is encumbered with huge masses of rock, and with scattered



HURRICANE IN MADAGASCAR: THE BRITISH CONSUL'S HOUSE AT TAMATAVE.

boulders, though part of these have been gathered to form a rampart against its destructive fury. The excursions to the north and to the east of San Remo, either in the direction of Monte Bignone, or up the Val di Francia to San Michele, or to the Val des Oliviers, are very interesting, and there is an endless variety of beautiful scenes. The country people, too, who come freely into the town for market business or service, have a quaint mountaineer aspect and a native rusticity, which is not displeasing, as they are mostly civil, honest, and gently disposed. Some of the young girls are strikingly handsome; and one, at least, of the old women looks the picture of placid benevolence in the eightieth year of her age.

HURRICANE IN MADAGASCAR.

On Feb. 22, the eastern coast of the island of Madagascar was visited by one of the most destructive storms known for half a century past. In the harbour of Tamatave, the chief commercial port, ten vessels, including the Dayot, a French naval gun-boat, and several English, American, and German barques or schooners, were driven on the reef and totally wrecked. The damage to buildings in the



A TIBETAN BOOBY TRAP.



THE TEESTA BRIDGE.

THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION IN THE HIMALAYAS.

town was very great, and the British consulate, lately erected at the cost of our Government, was almost destroyed, being gutted and turned inside out. Large fragments of this building were carried by the force of the wind for hundreds of yards; and for acres round it the ground presented an extraordinary spectacle, being strewn with doors, windows, and heavy beams, and other pieces of twisted wood and iron, mixed up with clothes and furniture. The Consul, Mr. Haggard, was returning at the time from Mauritius in the Florence; but his wife and the consular clerks narrowly escaped being killed. They had been employed for an hour in the attic, between the ceiling and the roof, trying to stop up the holes in the latter made by the wind; but, finding their efforts unavailing, and their position very dangerous, they descended to the offices under the house for safety. No sooner had they done so than the roof blew off, the ceiling fell in, and the sides blew out, the building being completely wrecked in a few minutes. Several lives were lost on shore, in addition to those who were drowned on board the ships.

The Earl of Hopetoun has been appointed her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION.

Sikkim, a small country in the Himalayas, feudatory to British India, is at present the scene of operations of a force ordered there to oust the Tibetans, who have built a fort on the Indo-Tibet road, at Lingtu, at a height of 13,000 ft. above the sea, for the purpose of preventing a British mission from entering Tibet by Sikkim. The fort entirely blocks the road, and the Tibetans would probably have been turned out ere this, had it not been for the Burmese war. An expedition has lately been dispatched, consisting of a mountain battery of Royal Artillery, two companies of the Derbyshire Regiment, the 32nd Pioneers (Native Infantry), and four companies of the 13th Native Infantry. The whole is under the command of Colonel Graham, R.A., who has divided it into two columns, one to march on Lingtu, and the other to march via Inchiu, to give the Rajah of Sikkim any assistance he may require. The chief difficulty is in the marching, as the few roads in the country, which are all very bad, hardly permit of two men marching abreast, while they ascend and descend frightfully steep slopes, which are very fatiguing. From the Teesta River to Kalimunge, barely two and a half miles, is an ascent of 3600 feet, and many of the marches, we are told,

will be even steeper. The climate is cold, but healthy. The Tibetans are badly armed, their weapons consisting of a few old guns, bows and poisoned arrows, spears, kookries, and long knives. They have a trick of casting a lot of heavy stones over a perpendicular cliff, to fall on their enemy marching along the road below. For this purpose they devise a regular "booby-trap," the stones being collected and put on a board which is only kept in a horizontal position by a rope; and when they cut the rope, at a suitable moment, down come the stones with rather formidable effect. Our sketches are contributed by Lieutenant A. Heyman, of the Derbyshire Regiment.

The latest telegraphic news from Sikkim states that Colonel Graham and the head-quarters staff, with two guns, seventy of the Derbyshire Regiment, and fifty pioneers, advanced on April 18 to the Nimla Ridge with the twofold object of feeling for the enemy and repairing the road from Gnatong to Kapap. The ridge is nearly 14,000 feet high. After the road was repaired the force retired. None of the enemy were seen. The expedition was much hampered by severe snowstorms. Rumours are received of intended night attacks. The Tibetans were reported to be gathering in force near the Jalap Pass.



LORD HARTINGTON RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

REGRETS.

Many people are conscious of a vague melancholy, and possibly of a restless discontent upon the return of Spring. The joyousness of the sunshine, the bursting of the buds, the banks covered with primroses, the cowslips and celandines in the meadows, the flutter of bird-life in the woods, and the songs which tell that mating-time has come once more, fill the heart with a yearning after something that it cannot attain. In youth this feeling is a passion, in age it is a memory; but both to young and old the sympathy with the brightness and abounding mirth of spring is closely linked to melancholy. Through the dead months of winter we plod on at our daily tasks with little emotion and with few aspirations, but the life that stirs in the buds quickens our life also, and the feelings thus newly awakened are nearly always tempered with regrets. I believe all great beauty has a similar effect. In the presence of lovely scenery, of exquisite art, or when listening to enchanting strains of music, our nature is stirred to its depth. "We feel that we are greater than we know," and then comes the recollection of what we are and the thought of what we might have been.

I suppose that every man who thinks at all (and thinking is a rare gift) has formed some ideal of life. He has his cherished aspirations and secret aims. Some beautiful dream of youth may have haunted him in manhood, and hoping against hope he may have been unable to part with it, even in old age. He knows, perhaps, that it can never be realised, that every effort he makes is a vain effort, and yet he will not let it go; since it would be parting with what is as dear to him as life. That such a man should suffer from regrets is inevitable, but it is not so certain that he needs our pity. It is surely better to aspire and to fail, than to have no goal for the spirit at all. Perhaps the secret regrets of life are the weightiest, and chiefly on this account—that they are incommunicable. The man who respects himself, and is conscious that his ardent hope will never be satisfied, does not proclaim his grief to the world, nor, in all probability, does he tell it to his nearest friend. He wears his shirt of sackcloth, and conceals it under fine linen.

The regrets caused by our own folly or incapacity are among the most painful to endure. A girl, by some act of waywardness, has lost her lover; a man, by his careless conduct, has missed a post that might have led to fame and fortune. A word, a look, an unjust suspicion has broken hearts before now; and many a person, owing to a fatal error in youth, has walked ever afterwards in the valley of humilia-

tion. There is no comfort in feeling you *will* act more wisely another time, for that other time never comes. You have no more powder in your flask, no more arrows in your quiver; and now you are left to bear, as best you may, the consciousness of defeat. There is but one sorrow more lasting and more poignant than this, and that is when a man knows that his defeat in life's battle has been due to vice or to any laxity of principle.

The regrets common to the race, being common, are more readily endured. We suffer deeply, but our grief is not without alleviations. As the years move on, there is not a man but may confess with Dogberry that he is "a fellow that hath had losses." Friends die and leave us desolate; but our grief, bitter though it may be, is softened by the thought that those we love have reached the haven where they would be.

It is worth noticing, and, indeed, when one comes to think of it, the fact is very significant, that regrets never follow virtuous actions. No one is sorrowful because, in looking back on his past life, he sees that it has been self-denying and full of labour for others. If he does grieve at the retrospect, it is because his efforts have been so imperfect, and because he has done far less than it was his duty to do. And, I suppose, no one remembers with regret the hours that have been spent in severe study, or in joyous intercourse with Nature. Books belong to the pleasures of memory. We recall the scenes in which we read them, whether by the winter fire or in the fields, and the recollections are delightful. And there is no darkness of spirit that is not lessened, when we see again with the mind's eye the river upon which we sailed, with "Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm"; the forest in which we wandered or loitered through a summer day with one dear companion; the bridge on which we leaned at eventide, "nourishing a youth sublime," when the landscape lay in the warm light of the setting sun, and Nature and Love combined to yield an intoxication of delight. A man may regret his folly—never his affection; he may deplore his worldly artifices, but for the generous enthusiasm of youth—for its aspirations, for its glowing fancies, for the love that filled the air with fragrance and the land with brightness, he has no regrets, unless it be—

For the touch of a vanish'd hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

J. D.

MARRIAGE.

On April 18, 1888, at Hamilton, Canada, by the Rev. S. Lyle, B.D., Arthur Douglas Braithwaite, of Calgary, Alberta, fourth son of the late Rev. William Braithwaite, Vicar of Alne, Yorkshire, to Marjory Walker, second daughter of William Hendrie, Esq., The Homestead, Hamilton.

LORD HARTINGTON IN THE CITY.

The presentation of the freedom of the City of London to Lord Hartington took place at Guildhall on Wednesday, April 18. Special preparations had been made in the hall, which was decorated with flags, trophies, and evergreens. The members of Court of Common Council sat upon a dais covered with red cloth. The Lady Mayoress, with other ladies, had seats in the balcony, to which they were conducted by members of the City Lands Committee. Amongst the audience in the body of the hall were members of both Houses of Parliament. Lord Hartington arrived a few minutes before one o'clock. He was conducted to the dais, where the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, with the Prime Warden and Wardens of the Fishmongers' Company, of which his Lordship is a member, awaited him. Occupying the space in front were members of the Corporation, wearing their gowns of office, and representatives of other public bodies. The appearance of Lord Hartington, accompanied by the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Henry James, M.P., was the signal for a loud outburst of cheering. After the reading of the summons by the Town Clerk, the declaration of the compurgators was read. In this Lord Hartington's sponsors averred that he was "of good name and fame; that he does not desire the freedom of the City especially to defraud the Queen, or the City of any of its rights, customs, and advantages, but will pay his scot and bear his lot, and so we all say." Lord Hartington then made the usual declaration, after which the City Chamberlain, Mr. Benjamin Scott, addressed him in a set speech, to which he replied; and the certificate of freedom of the City was delivered to him. The Lord Mayor (Alderman Polydore De Keyser) afterwards entertained Lord Hartington and a large company of guests at the Mansion House.

The annual dinner of the Press Club was held in the Freemasons' Tavern on April 21, when a large number of members and guests assembled. Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., presided.

The Convocation of Canterbury met at Westminster on April 24. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided in the Upper House, where the Bishop of Gloucester moved the acceptance of a report from the Lower House on the opium traffic with China, which was received. In the Lower House, the Tithe Rent-charge Bills, now before the House of Lords, were discussed and approved of. The House of Laymen discussed the question of the increase of the Episcopate.

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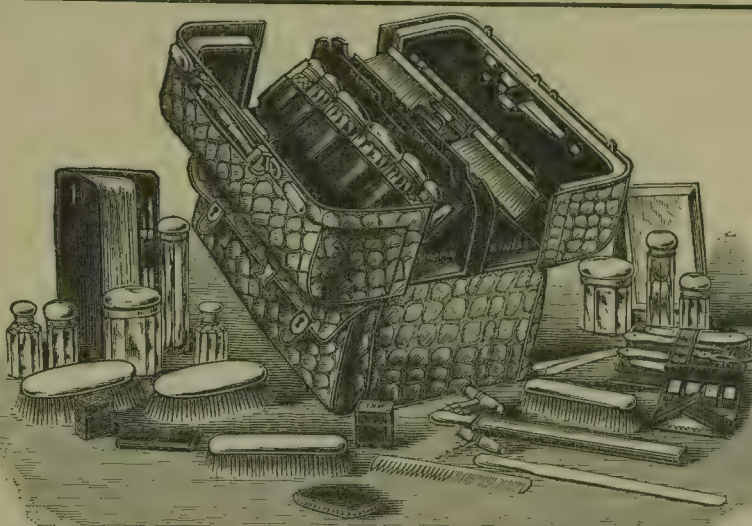
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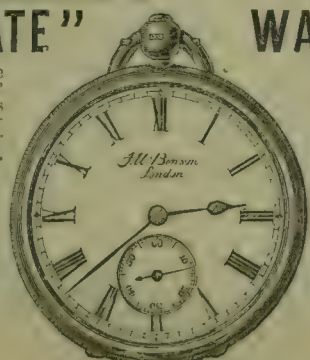
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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT. BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen, and save."



OREOVER, the counsels of the night only increased her fears; and by next morning she had quite convinced herself that, unless some immediate measures were taken, Miss Peggy would persist in her folly, and end by marrying a beggar. A beggar, indeed! When the fair Mistress Lindsay was wooed and won and carried away from Edinburgh city

by young Donald of the Isles—who had successfully concealed from her his high estate—she was, no doubt, agreeably surprised when he took her up to a mountain and bade her look abroad on the islands and castles and domains of which she was now to be lady and queen. Well, we live in less romantic days; but one could not help thinking that, even if the dreaded thing were to happen, Miss Peggy might not be altogether disappointed when she came in sight of Inverfask House. A moor yielding to two guns and fair shooting some five-and-thirty brace on the twelfth, and—with proper management—good for eight or ten brace on an off day during the remainder of the season; a loch with abundance of brown trout, and with sea-trout running to four or five pounds; an extensive, if not over-productive farm; to say nothing of the plantations and "policies" surrounding the house itself, and rights of salmon-fishing for some miles along the coast: these seem to make a very comfortable provision for a beggar. But what was the use of discussing this fantastic impossibility?

"She is simply at her tricks again—she can't help it," one says to this anxious-eyed mite of a creature. "And as for Cameron, of course he likes to have a pretty girl to talk to; what soldier doesn't?"

"It isn't tricks at all," she says. "I know quite well when Peggy is merely playing pranks—I've seen her at it too often. But this is entirely different; her imagination seems to have been taken captive—you can see that in the interest she displays about the smallest matter connected with Scotland, or the Highland people, or the Highland regiments, for the matter of that; and then, she is so obedient and submissive; she isn't pretending to be a very, very proper young lady—with a wink at you when she gets the chance; it is real this time, or else I am mistaken, and I hope I am. And as for him, well, I hope I am mistaken there too; but his regard for her seems to be most marked—the quiet satisfaction he appears to have in her society—and the good-humoured toleration—encouragement, even, he has for all her wilfulness."

"Why, how long is it since he first set eyes on her!" one says, by way of protest against this ridiculous fancy.

"Oh, that is nothing," she answers. "A single day of this companionship is worth a whole London season."

"But even if it were true, where would be the harm?" one naturally asks. "Cameron is very far from being penniless."

"He is five-and-forty, if he is a day!" she exclaims. "How often must I point out to you that at five-and-forty a man is just at the prime of his manhood—the very prime of his physical and intellectual strength?"

"Of course you say that," she retorts. "But ten years ago you said the same of five-and-thirty."

"And haven't I ten years' more wisdom to add to my judgment? I tell you now it is five-and-forty. And I say that Ewen Cameron is in his prime. Mind you, he can make a poor thing of some of the young fellows when they are out on the hill: I've seen more than one of them pretty well dead-beat by lunch-time—on the far tops at Achnashealach, I mean; and then you'd find the Cornel, instead of sitting down to the cold beef and the whisky-and-water, merely take out his pipe, and lounge up and down, trying to make out which was Ben-a-vuick and which Ben Dearg. How India did not take more out of him it's hard to understand; but I suppose he is one of those firm-knit, fatless creatures that nothing seems to touch."

These details do not seem to interest this pre-occupied person.

"If they had ever met before, at someone else's house," she said absently. "But it will look as if we had expressly asked him to join our party, to—bring this about. And how could we have dreamt of such a thing? Peggy knows as well as anyone else what her people expect of her; she has almost told me as much—though she is not very communicative about such affairs."

"Well, now, you see the result of cherishing historical prejudices and partisanship," one points out to her. "If you

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had only reconciled yourself to Jack Duncombe's project of making Charles Edward the dark foil to the heroic qualities of Alfieri, what would be the state of affairs now? Why, by this time, the book, or the play, whichever it was to be, would have been half done; and those young people would have been engaged to be married—as sure as ever was; and the mamma and papa in Brooklyn would be regarding you as the guardian angel of their daughter. Instead of which, here is an impecunious and elderly soldier, whom you yourself invited to come along; and you are worrying yourself to death because you think he is going to carry Peggy away to live on oatmeal and skin-milk in the Highlands."

"I suppose you think it is a joke?" she demands indignantly.

"I do."

"Well, it is not. You don't know Peggy as I know her; or rather, when you are near her, you are blinded and fascinated like the rest of the men, and you don't notice anything—you don't see anything except her eyes. But I do. And this has frightened me. The only thing is, it can't have gone very far; and I daresay, if we could get Mr. Duncombe to come back to the boat, she would return to her senses. For she has common-sense; she is a remarkably shrewd young woman. And then, seeing the two of them together, how could she help contrasting them? Mr. Duncombe has every advantage. He is nearer her own age; he will have plenty of money; and he is good-looking and amusing enough. Of course I am not comparing him with Colonel Cameron—except as a suitable match for Peggy; far from it; Colonel Cameron is a much finer stamp of man than Mr. Duncombe—to my thinking he is worth a dozen of any of the young men we know. But that isn't the question. I am thinking what her people in Brooklyn would say about it all—and about us. Now, will you write to Mr. Duncombe?"

"If you like."

"Will you telegraph?"

"If you like."

"Supposing he can get away, there are plenty of towns where he could join us. Tewkesbury?"

"Not Tewkesbury—we shall be there to-day."

"Gloucester, then. You know," she added eagerly, "how anxious he was to go down that open part of the Severn with us—to see how the boat would answer. He is sure to come along if you urge him."

"And shall I ask him to bring the Alfieri play with him?"

"He will not be so ill-mannered," said she, somewhat stiffly, "as to talk disrespectfully or cruelly of the unfortunate Prince Charles before one of the Camerons; I think I can trust him for that."

"And you may trust me for this—that, if he did, Colonel Cameron wouldn't care the fifteenth part of a brass farthing."

"I am not so sure," said she.

Now, when we were all together again in the coffee-room of this Worcester hotel, one naturally now and again glanced at Miss Peggy to gather from her demeanour towards Colonel Cameron whether there were any grounds for Queen Tita's suspicions. But nothing of the sort was visible. She was in an unusually merry mood. So far from there being anything of the love-lorn maiden about her, she was neither more nor less than the wilful wretch whose sauciness and cantrips we had had to put up with all this time; nay, it was on this very occasion that her impertinence reached a point which demands serious notice. At breakfast, Queen Tita, who had just been reading her letters from home, was discoursing to Sir Ewen Cameron about her two boys, their wonderful qualities, ambitions,* and all the rest of it; while the father of those lads, having some small regard for the truth, was endeavouring to mitigate this panegyric by a few mild protests. But the truth was not acceptable—it seldom is; Madam grew more and more annoyed; Miss Peggy professed to sympathise with her deeply; and at last the younger woman reached over for a sheet of music she had purchased the previous day, scribbled something on the outside of it, and handed it to her friend. Now this of itself was a piece of downright rudeness—though, probably, it was the presence of the Colonel that had stilled her flippant tongue; but it was not until several days thereafter—and when we were on board again—that one happened accidentally to pick up this sheet of music and discover what she had pencilled on it. These were the words:—"Full fathom five that father lies!" Now, not

* Their ambitions! If they have any ambition beyond that of getting so mauled at football that their own mother can hardly recognise them when they come home at night, they have so far been most successful in concealing it from the rest of the world.

only was this a monstrous perversion of the text of Shakespeare, it was also a gross mis-statement of fact: the only thing it proved being that a young woman given over to such unseemly jesting was in no parlous case as regarded her heart, or what she might consider her heart.

We had a busy morning before us; for, of course, we could not set about such a serious undertaking as the navigation of the Severn without having the ship fully provisioned and equipped for all emergencies. And what did this giddy-headed school-girl know about paraffin oil, candles, soda-water, two-shilling novels, fresh vegetables, preserved fruits, pigeon-pies, towing-ropes, stationery, telegraph-forms, and a hundred other things that had to be thought of? We bade her go about her business and bother us no more. And then, Colonel Cameron remarking that he thought of walking along to seek out some spot from which he could get a better notion of the disposition of Cromwell's and Fleetwood's forces before the battle of Worcester, she turned to him, and asked him if he was likely to be passing by the cathedral, for that she would like to see again a rose-red hawthorn-tree that she had remarked on the previous day, and that she thought was the most beautiful thing she had met with in England. Of course he instantly offered to escort her, and these two went away; while Mrs. Threepenny-bit (whatever she may have thought of that arrangement) had now to resume her consultations with Murdoch, in the hall of the hotel.

It was not, however, until past mid-day that the four of us, idly lounging about and waiting by the banks of the Severn—at the spot where the canal debouches into the river—beheld that long white Noah's Ark of a thing slowly approaching. When she came into the last lock we got on board; and, having seen that the additional towing-line was attached, and the longest poles ready, we awaited the opening of the great gates. A pleasanter day for our entrance upon the Severn we could not have demanded. There was a soft southerly wind blowing up stream, ruffling the wide yellow waters, and stirring the foliage on the high wooded bank; on the other shore the flat golden-green meadows were glowing in the sunlight; and far beyond them—and beyond some darker lines of elms—the pale blue Malvern hills rose into the shining silvery sky. A brisk and breezy day, sufficiently warm and sufficiently cool; altogether an auspicious setting forth.

And yet, when at length we found ourselves out in the wide current, it was clear that we were to have some unexpected experiences. For one thing, the river was in flood; and the wind, blowing up against the heavy yellow stream, raised a considerable bit of a sea; so that very soon the Nameless Barge was plunging and dipping in a most unusual manner. Queen Tita burst out laughing.

"What's the matter now?" asks the steersman.

"I've heard of a bluebottle pretending to be a bee," she says; "but I never heard of an old canal-boat pretending to be a yacht."

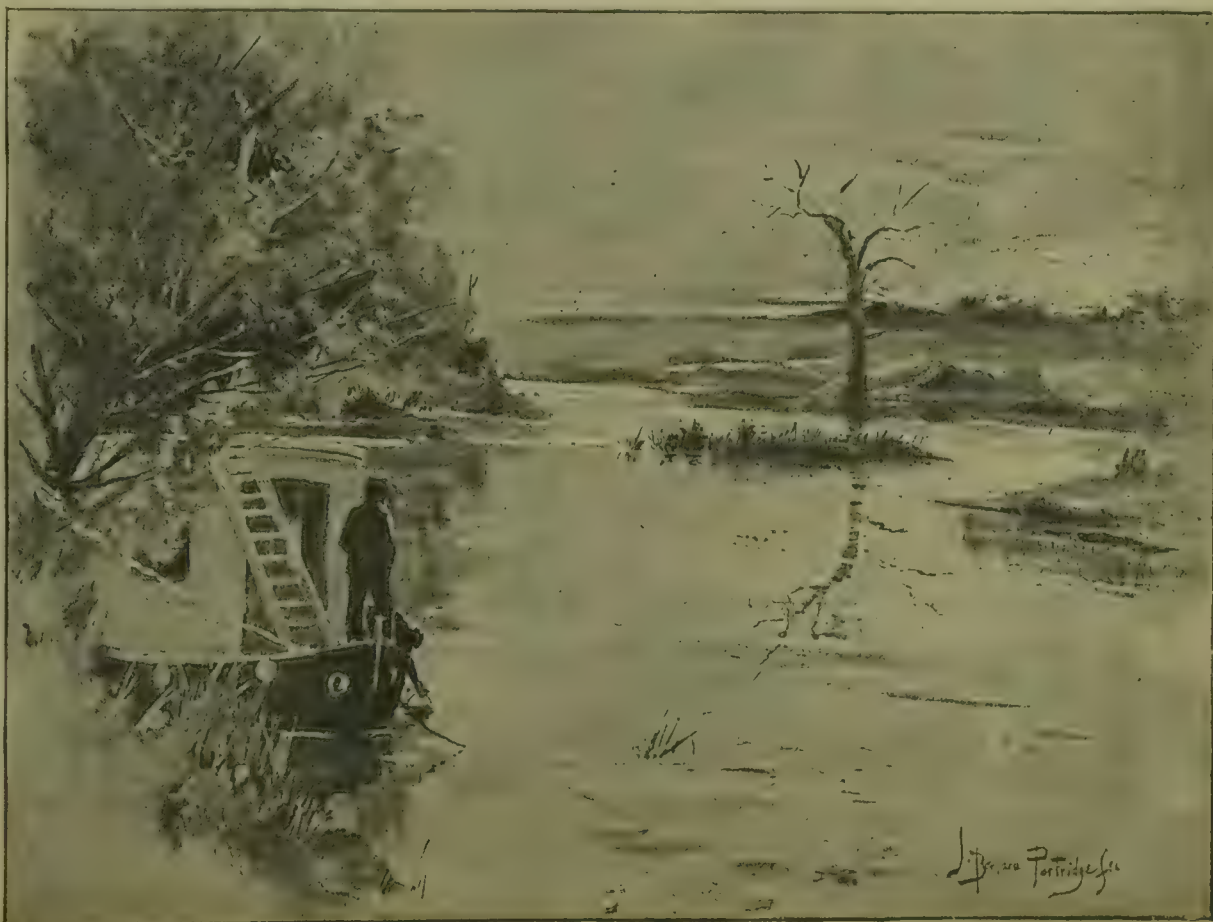
"It's all very well: I suppose you have left heaps of shawls and music and books lying about the saloon, and doubtless the water is spouting in at those bull's-eyes at the bow."

"Oh, my gracious!" she cries, and is off in an instant.

"And you, Miss Peggy," one continues, "you'd better go and find Murdoch and ask him to see that there are no loose wine-glasses lying about."

"Oh, certainly," she says (for she is a biddable lass when she is not bent on mischief), and she, too, disappears.

However, our adventuring forth into this raging ocean was a small matter. A more serious thing was this. The bargeman's rule of the road is "business first and pleasure after": that is to say, in passing each other, business barges take the inside, and pleasure ones the outside, the latter getting their towing-lines over smoke-stacks and piled hay as best they can. Now the tow-path at this part of the Severn runs high along the side of a steep bank; we had necessarily a long line out; and if, in putting our craft into mid-stream to pass the barges coming north, her head yawed over to the western shore—which it was very apt to do with this heavy flood astern—that was invariably the moment chosen by our Horse-Marine, who was riding, to urge forward his charger. The inevitable consequence was a sudden and savage wrench, and a tilt over that set the plates dancing and the women (inside the saloon) screaming; and that threatened to plunge the whole lot of us into Sabrina's tawny wave. But all the same, we made such excellent progress that every now and again the Horse-Marine indulged in a little trot, which was quite inspiring to behold. We passed the mouth of the Teme; we glided swiftly along by Beauchamp Court and Kempsey; we swept



There was a withered tree on that shore.

round by Clifty Wood and Farm; and on by Severnstoke and Severn End. This was a singularly English-looking landscape through which we were passing—the high, red bank above the wide rippling river; the poplars and alders all trembling and rustling in the soft breeze; along the margin of the stream, yellow-grey reeds and grey-green willows; silver-white clouds crossing the spacious sky, with here and there a glimpse of blue; finally, at the horizon, the pale line of the Malvern Hills—those far heights on which Caractacus and his brave Silures entrenched themselves and made their last determined and despairing stand against the Roman legions. Very peaceful now appeared this smiling and cultivated plain. It seemed hard to believe that it was through these very fields close by that Fleetwood's horse had to make their way before they came up with the Royalist troops, and drove them, "from hedge to hedge," back into Worcester town.

The two women returned with their report: not a drop of water had come in by the bull's-eyes or anywhere else; while all was secure in the lockers.

"I'm just in love with this boat," observed Miss Peggy.

"Children are easily pleased," answers her hostess—who shares Murdoch's covert opinion about our noble craft.

"I believe she could cross to America!" the young lady continues.

"So she could," the other says, with bitter irony, "if she were properly lashed on to the deck of a White Star Liner."

"Say, now, where is the part of the Severn you've always been talking about as something to be feared?"

"Oh! that's away down south—from Sharpness to Bristol; that is where you get into the open estuary," the steersman answers her.

"And will there be any danger?"

"What a question! Danger in a boat capable of crossing the Atlantic!"

"Oh, don't imagine that I shall be afraid!" the young lady says promptly. "At least, I hope not. If I am, I'll conceal it to the best of my ability."

"I don't think you are likely to show much fright," said Colonel Cameron, looking at her with an approving eye. "Especially as you will be quite prepared—you will have time to screw up your courage beforehand. It's sudden danger that unnerves people. I remember the most awful fright I ever got in my life—well, fright is a feeble word: the paralysing sensation of fear was so bewildering."

"You!" said Miss Peggy.

"Why?"

But she could not tell the man to his face that it was impossible for her to believe that he had ever been afraid of anything.

"It was at a small inn in the Highlands," said he, "where I had put up for some salmon-fishing. Shall I tell you the story?—it's the only ghost-story I've got. Very well. I was there all by myself at the time; and very happy, too—capital sport during the day; snug quarters in the evening. One night I had dined as usual, and had drawn my chair in front of the blazing peat-fire, lit a pipe, and got a book. No, Miss Rosslyn, I didn't fall asleep and dream my ghost; just you wait. I was reading on in a dead silence; for at the back of the inn, where my sitting-room was, there was nothing but fields; all the traffic at Altnaharra goes on in front. Besides it was getting late. Well, I was reading away in this absolute silence when of a sudden I heard a sigh just behind me—or a groan, rather—I was so startled by the extraordinary sound that I couldn't tell which it was. Of course I wheeled round in an instant—and there—right before me—was an enormous head, with two staring eyes and two large horns. Talk about fright!—this was simply a paralysis of sensation altogether. When it is a man who startles you, and you wheel round angrily, your first impulse is to strike; but this thing was certainly not a man. Not a man—I should think not—simply an enormous head and huge eyes and nostrils—motionless, too—absolutely motionless—but the eyes glaring. Fright?—I wonder I am alive. And then, just as quickly, the explanation flashed in upon my mind: it was the head of a cow. I had left the lower sash of the window open, so let out the peat-smoke; the sitting-room was on the



The bull came at him like a live tornado.

ground-floor; this beast had got loose somehow, and wandered round from the byre, attracted by the light, I suppose. When I went forward to it, it still kept staring; then it withdrew its head, with another snort; and then I could see its dark bulk going along in the direction of the farm-yard. There—that is my only ghost story."

"But just suppose it had been an old woman who was sitting there," said Queen Tita. "Why, she would have run away through the house shrieking and declaring that the devil had just appeared to her."

"My impression is," he said, "that an old Highland-woman would have been more familiar with a cow's eyes and horns. It was the enormous size of the head that bewildered me—being so near—and nothing visible but itself. I suppose, now," he continued, as we were gaily careering down this wide river, "it is really possible for a man to frighten a bull by stooping and staring at it from between his legs. But does the bull forget that it saw the man upright—that he is a man, indeed? I remember a friend of mine telling me how he and a companion of his had been out shooting somewhere in the Highlands, and on their way home they had to cross a field that had been partly ploughed. In the fallow part of the field a bull had been turned loose. They paid no heed to him—that is the best way in all circumstances, I believe, if only the brute will let you—and thought that they were going to get past all right; but they soon perceived that he meant mischief. Indeed, there was no mistake about it; and my friend made tracks for a stone dyke, over which he clambered with his gun in his hand. Not so his companion. Perhaps he was afraid to make a run for it—or he was ashamed—or determined to give proof of his courage; however, he put his gun on the ground, turned his back to the bull, stooped down, and glared at the animal from between his legs."

"And that was enough to frighten the beast away!" said Mrs. Threepenny-bit quickly.

"Oh, was it?" observed the narrator, with grim placidity. "No, it was not. Quite the reverse, in fact. The bull came at him like a live tornado—caught him one, as the saying is—and the next moment he was rolling head over heels—like a cheese—along a ploughed furrow."

"And killed?"

"No, not killed. When he picked himself up, there was a plough near, and he dodged behind that; but in the meantime the bull was engaged in trampling his gun to bits with its fore feet—and so he made his escape. They say he has less faith now in rustic traditions."

"He was not a personal friend of yours?" one ventures to ask.

"No."

"You only heard of him?"

"That was all."

"Was your friend who told you the story a person of strict veracity?"

"Like other people, I suppose. But what then? Oh, I see. The witness may stand down?"

"Yes, you may go. The Court expresses no opinion."

A most beautiful river the Severn surely is; and on this mellow afternoon the wind had mostly died away; so that the high red banks, all hanging in foliage, were faithfully mirrored on the smooth surface of the stream, save where some chance puff would come along, breaking the oily russets and olive-greens with a keen shaft of blue—the colour of the overhead sky. Subjects for a water-colour painter formed themselves at every turn and winding; and at last, when we came in sight of the square grey tower of Tewkesbury Abbey, just visible above the trees, and the ruddy houses of the town appearing here and there beyond the warm green meadows—the tower and houses and meadows and trees all aglow in the light streaming over from the western skies—we began to think that too much had Avon and Thames and Kennet occupied our artists, and that some of them whom we knew and could name might do worse than pitch their tents more frequently just a little farther west.

Now came the question as to where we should moor for the night—some snug place where we could make surely fast, and defy this swollen current. We had no need to go on to the town; for we had abundant supplies on board; indeed, we usually refused the shelter of wharves and basins unless, for some reason, we wanted to put up at an hotel, and wished to have the boat within convenient distance. We finally pitched upon a nook under a steep red bank—the Royal Hill it is called—where there were some stout willow-bushes close down by the water; and when we had run our gallant vessel in among these, and fastened her securely both stem and stern, Captain Columbus was free to go off in search of lodgings for himself and the Horse-Marine. Our first experience of the Severn had been most satisfactory. The Nameless Barge had done everything that could have been expected of her. We began to look forward to Sharpness Point without any overwhelming anxiety.

At dinner that evening we refrained from lighting the lamps, the twilight without being so singularly beautiful. It was in the earlier manner of Mr. W. L. Wyllie, so to speak. The wide smooth surfaces of the water were breadths of pale saffron and exquisite lilac-grey reflected from an opalescent sky; there were warm olive-green shadows under the opposite bank; and then, as it happened, there was a withered tree on that shore, and the mirrored black stem and leafless branches came right down to the middle of the stream. A single crimson line in the purple-blue of the west told of the sinking sun. The birds were still singing—somewhere in our neighbourhood—probably among the bushes over the steep red hill behind us. But it was the river that chiefly claimed our attention—the tender and ethereal and softly merging colours—the palely changing lights: each window framed a picture, as the day died out of the world. And when at last it grew so dark that we had to have recourse to lamps and candles, we knew quite well that in the clear dark-blue heavens overhead the first silver-points of the stars were beginning to throb.

Now, all this time Queen Tita had said not a word about the possible coming of Jack Duncombe; perhaps she feared that the mere suggestion might be construed by Colonel Cameron into a hint that he should vacate his berth. That was not so, as it happened; nevertheless his offer to quit was sufficiently prompt.

"Oh, Peggy," said she, that night after dinner, in an off-hand kind of fashion, "would you be surprised to find an old friend coming to join us at Gloucester?"

Miss Peggy glanced up in rather a frightened fashion—for Colonel Cameron was also sitting out here in the warm, still night, contentedly smoking his cigar. Queen Tita caught sight of that quick look—the glow from the open door of the saloon falling full on the girl's face.

"No," said she, gravely, "it isn't Mr. A'Beckett. It is strange we have heard nothing of him of late. You haven't heard, Peggy?"

"No," said Miss Peggy, instantly. "Why should I?"

"Oh, well, I thought he might have some more information to send you," her hostess remarked, in a general kind of way. "I don't think we study the guide-books as closely as we ought. However, it isn't Mr. A'Beckett. It's Mr. Duncombe."

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Peggy. "That will be very nice."

"I am not sure he is coming," she continued, "but we have telegraphed to him; and you know how anxious he was to see how the boat would answer in going down the Severn. So I shouldn't be surprised to find him turning up at Gloucester."

"In that case," said Colonel Cameron, with perfect good humour, "I must clear out. I shall hate him heartily, I know, but still I've had my turn."

"Oh, no, no, not at all," Queen Tita said at once, and most anxiously. "Surely if this caravanserai of a thing has any recommendation it ought to be able to take in another passenger, and easily. Why should not one of you gentlemen sleep in the saloon? Murdoch can make up an extra bed—he has often had to do that for us on other boats; and all that is



The pale blue Malvern hills.

necessary will be for you to choose amongst yourselves which is the earliest riser. What can be simpler than that?"

"And then his being on board would come in so well just now," said Miss Peggy, with demure eyes. "There would be Captain Columbus, Murdoch, Mr. Duncombe, Colonel Cameron, you two, myself—yes, that would just be right—we could take for our motto, 'We are Sevens.'"

"Peggy," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, severely, "this is business: I won't be interrupted by your irresponsible frivolity. Well, now, supposing Mr. Duncombe should be able to join us, he is the newcomer, and should take his chance."

"But I have had my turn of the cabin," Colonel Cameron remonstrated, "and I assure you I shall be most comfortable in the saloon. I should call the whole arrangement the height of luxury."

"But your things are all in your cabin, and why should they be disturbed, Sir Ewen?" says she—and who is bold enough to dispute her will when her farthing rushlight of a mind shows us clearly what it is?—"Mr. Duncombe was always an early riser. He used to get up and see that everything was arranged about the boat and the day's travelling by the time the rest of us were ready for breakfast. Peggy used to get up early, too," the fiend continues, regarding the younger lady with a sweet and affectionate look. "She was studying English history at that time—Runnymede and King John, Guy of Warwick and Piers Gaveston, and the rest of them; and the seclusion of the morning is good for study. She seems to have left off lately; but I suppose she will take it up again when we get to Gloucester or Bristol. Is there any English history connected with Bristol? If there isn't, Chatterton will do. Or the introduction of bird's-eye tobacco. Or the three sailors of Bristol city—indeed, anything will do, when Peggy is bent on acquiring information. But in the meantime, Sir Ewen, you are in possession of the cabin; it would be a great pity for you to move your things."

"Just as you please," said he, "though I don't know that it is wholesome training for a soldier to find himself fixed in such comfortable quarters. However, you must promise me one thing—that the moment you find me in the way, you will tell me."

"Oh, yes, I will tell you," said she, with a little laugh (and apparently she had now quite abandoned any hope or wish she may have formed about his returning to Aldershot). "But you must not make fun of us, Sir Ewen. Everyone knows how fastidious officers are. Well, I don't wonder at it. Both they and their men suffer sufficient privation in time of war; and it is but natural that when they come home they should expect to be well treated. But everyone says that the military clubs are just the perfection of management; and when the officers of a regiment give a ball, the supper is sure to be most sumptuous; and then about their own dinners—well, I have heard how particular they are."

"And you know why they have to be particular about such things—and why they look after the affairs of their club?" said he. "It's because they're so poor. It's only the rich political fellows who can afford to let their club be managed anyhow. Oh, no, you mustn't blame us for being particular—you might even say that we are penurious."

"Penurious?" said she. "Well, I don't know much about what the officers of other regiments may be; but I should say it was a charge not likely to be brought against the officers of the Highland regiments—at least, such of them as are Highlanders"—an amazing remark, if one thinks of it; because it was quite irrelevant; and not only that, but it came from a person whose chief fear at the moment—as she professed, at least—was that the young lady under her care might be too strongly influenced in favour of these Highland people as here represented to her. However, Jack Duncombe was coming, we hoped; and that would cure all.

Then she said—
"I hope Murdoch is enjoying his night ashore. Captain

Columbus looks the kind of man who would know how to order a good supper for them. And that reminds me: Peggy, you and I shall have to be butler to-night—will you come and help me? It's about soda-water time."

"Won't you let me help too?" said Colonel Cameron, rising to follow them into the saloon.

"Oh, yes, I will let you help," said she, cheerfully. "I always like you to mix my sleeping-draught for me, Sir Ewen—it is something recognisable then. As for poor Peggy, I don't know how she gets on at all. We haven't had any iced water on board since ever we started."

"Why, I haven't tasted iced water all the time I have been in England," said Miss Peggy, indignantly. "I wouldn't. The ice in England isn't cold enough for a free-born American. Besides, I would rather go without it than be preached at."

"And what have they been saying to you, your poor dear?" observes Queen Tita—who is busy with tumblers, glasses, soda-water, cigar-boxes, spirit-stands, biscuit-boxes and the like, while the tall young lady is drawing the red curtains across the windows and making everything comfortable for the night. "Have they been wounding your sensitive soul? Well, never mind; preaching or no preaching, you leave ice water alone, and keep the June roses in your cheeks."

Then, when this small community was entirely and snugly shut in from the dark and silent world without, there was a vague hint ventured about a game of whist, or vingt-et-un, or something of that sort.

"We should have to clear all those things off the table," said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, regretfully, "and they are so handy. Peggy, why don't you bring out your banjo? What has made you so lazy? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

The fact was, Miss Peggy had hardly ever touched her banjo since Colonel Cameron came on board. Why, we hardly knew. We could perhaps have understood her not caring to ask us—before one who was comparatively a stranger to her—to join in any of her daft choruses; but there were plenty of the old-fashioned plantation songs, that suited her voice very well, and that have almost recovered from their vulgarisation of five-and-twenty years ago. Surely "Mary Blanc" is pathetic in its simple way. "The Old Folks at Home" remains a favourite. There are many more; and we knew that she knew them; but somehow she had always seemed disinclined to open that leather case since Sir Ewen Cameron joined us. And so she was on this occasion.

"It is so delightfully quiet here," she said, "it is a shame to spoil it by that strumming."

"I am quite sure Colonel Cameron has never heard you sing 'Nelly Gray,'" Queen Tita suggested insidiously.

"And I should very much like to hear it," said he.

With that, she obediently went and got the banjo, and resumed her place on the couch; then, with a few rippling notes of prelude, she began to sing—

"There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've wandered many happy hours away."

And very well she sang, too, if hardly with the confidence she usually displayed. And when she had finished, and when Queen Tita was begging her to sing "The little old log cabin in the lane," Colonel Cameron said—

"Well, Miss Rosslyn, when I have the pleasure of receiving you two ladies in the north—when old Duncan—that is my factotum up there—gets your things out of the dog-cart, I shall be enormously disappointed if I don't see that yellow leather case amongst them."

She looked up suddenly.

"A banjo at Inverfask!" she exclaimed, in a kind of awe-stricken way—as though the incongruity was quite startling to her.

"Why not?" said he, simply.
And surer stranger things than that have happened in this odd mixture of a world.

(To be continued.)

"SPRING."

The Artist, like the Poet, when his imagination is applied to an ideal design, combining the remembered characteristics of a theme which he contemplates in its general aspect assembles together, in one view, diverse incidents only associated by sentiment, by vague reminiscence, by tradition, or by fancy, with his chosen topic. Virgil and Chaucer and Thomson, and many another writer of verse, have chanted the benignant glories of the Spring, with manifold attestations of the genial influences of this season over all kinds and orders of created beings. Creation itself was ascribed to this agent of Divine Power:—

Non alios prima crescentis origine mundi
Inluxisse dies, alluvie habuisse tenorem
Crediderim; ver illud erat; ver magnus aetate
Orbis, et liberis parebant flantibus auri:
Quam prima lucem pecudes hausere, vimine
Ferre progenies duris caput exivit arvis,
Immisque fere silvis, et sidera caelo.

The idea is that of a Spring-time of the Universe, giving birth to all the stars in heaven, as though they were flowers growing in the field of space; and similarly to all that grows on earth, all the plants, and all the animals, and the "iron race" of primitive mankind; Virgil was not aware that the Stone Age preceded the Iron, nor does he mention here the Golden and the Silver Ages. Those ancient mythologies are recalled to mind, somehow, by the classical device of our Artist, who has parodied the fable of Jove's eagle carrying off young Ganymede, the destined cup-bearer of the Olympian Court, in the group of an early rousing cock in company with as pretty a youngster hovering in the balmy morning air. So did Tennyson, in the days when he drank port wine at the dear old Cock in Fleet-street, meditating his fantasy of "Will Waterproof's Monologue," feign that the gallant gilt bird over the door—we miss that bird now—had kidnapped the best of country boys to make him the "plump head waiter."

The Cock, in town or country—but cocks are a nuisance in town—is the appointed, inexorable herald of dawn; and Homer, by one favourite epithet, associates fair Aurora with the Spring of the year. Cocks may crow, as the sun must rise daily, at varying hours in other seasons of the twelvemonth, which to Londoners, and to many Englishmen dwelling in large cities, too seldom brings any of the sweet experiences of rural delight ascribed to the early part of the year. It is but a few days since the east wind persisted in chilling us to the marrow, and provoked a poet of our own to ask James Thomson where his "ethereal mildness" was yet lingering on its way to the metropolitan suburbs; indeed there was no token or rumour of its approach to the shores of Great Britain. Primrose Day has passed, and there were plenty of primroses for sale in our streets, but it is said that these were imported from other countries of Europe. Perhaps there have been weeks of fine, warm, soft weather, by this time, somewhere in England; but we are too busy to run about the country after it. We shall get it, possibly, in May or June; but the April of poetical tradition, "Aprilis with her shouris sote," with the "ethereal mildness" aforesaid, came in like a Polar bear; and there was no foliage on any of our park trees in the middle of the untrustworthy month.

Nevertheless, grumble as we may, must, and will, at these delays of the restoring and revivifying season, the Spring is a pleasant fact; Nature is well aware of it—at least in the sensations of her living and feeling offspring, the birds, the cattle, the sheep, the hares and rabbits, and a thousand animal species, which know the time of year better than our almanack can tell us. The insects will have something to say to it, later on, in the summer. As for the trees, the grass, and the flowers, whether or not they feel and know, they tell us a great deal. So does the flowing stream, and so do the pebbles in its rocky channel, which our Artist has depicted, accordingly, in his Illustration of the advent of Spring. All these are eloquent of cheerful promise, speaking one kind message of comfort with—
Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks,
Tongues in the trees, and good in everything.

A TOY SYMPHONY.

This pretty and sportive kind of musical concert, in which most of the performers use the simplest instruments that can be made to serve rather for marking time and rhythmic beats of sound than for producing full harmonies of tone, is often the source of much amusement to a juvenile company. Eminent German and English composers have deigned to arrange scores for the purpose, introducing melodies to be rendered by the pianoforte or the violin, which have a pleasing effect when heard emerging from the merry hubbub of less tuneful noises; the whole combination being so regulated as to avoid undue discord, and to keep the proper intervals of time. Such a mock concert, expertly managed, is an excellent practical joke; and its fun is much enhanced by the capricious oddity of the various articles chosen for their sonorous capabilities. All sorts of toys and playthings with which children delight to make a noise—their little drums, whistles, and penny trumpets, the tinkling triangle, the Jew's-harp, the clinking castanets, a hand-bell, a common glass tumbler with a wet finger passed round the inside of its rim, the tongs deftly smitten with the poker, the baby's artificial dog that barks, or mouse that squeaks, or cuckoo, or some other bird, that, from pressing the small bellows-like cavity in its stand, emits an imitation of the natural note—all these and many other sound-making contrivances may be employed. It is not an easy task, as may well be understood, to train the members of such a miscellaneous orchestra, some of whom are perhaps boys and girls, with the impatience of youth, too eager for individual display of their separate faculties, and inclined to strike in at random, instead of awaiting the conductor's signal. But with good discipline and skilful tuition, among a party of young people who really love music, each having naturally an ear for it, resolving not to spoil it, and desiring to satisfy one another and to gratify their audience, the success of this droll concert becomes the reward of all their labours in its preparation; and everyone who took part in the "Toy Symphony" shares in the honour of a vote of thanks.

At the conclusion of the spring session of the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, the Principal, the Rev. J. B. McClellan, distributed the diplomas, &c., in the college hall. The diploma of membership was presented to Alexander Goddard, Knighton Spinneys, Leicester, and A. Turner Bellingham, Gwydir-gardens, Swansea; and the Duncie gold medal to A. Goddard.

The Rev. J. R. Diggle, Chairman of the London School Board, presiding at a meeting held recently to inaugurate the Chequer-alley Board School, stated that the land on which the present school buildings stood cost £7700, that the old school was valued at £7160, and the recent improvements, doubling the accommodation, cost something over £8000, being altogether a total of some £22,000. The boys' and girls' departments now accommodated 355 scholars each, being an increase of 180 in each case, and the infant school now had space according to Government requirements for 453 children.

CALENDAR FOR MAY.

D. OF M.	D. OF W.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	SUN.			MOON.		DURATION OF MOONLIGHT.												HIGH WATER AT				Day of Year.				
			Rises.	South after Noon.	Sets.	Rises. Morn.	Sets. Morn.	Before Sunrise.				Moon's Arc.	After Sunset.				London Bridge.		Liverpool Dock.									
								O'Clock.	1	2	3		4	O'Clock.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Morn.		Aftern.	Morn.	Aftern.	
1	Tu	Duke of Connaught born, 1850	4 33	3 5	7 22	0 32	8 57							20										5 23	6 47	2 25	2 48	122
2	W	Meyerbeer died, 1861	4 31	3 12	7 24	1 19	10 3							21										6 13	6 41	3 12	3 38	123
3	Th	Postal Union ratified, 1875	4 29	3 19	7 25	1 57	11 11							22										7 12	7 45	4 6	4 37	124
4	F	Lord Hatherton died, 1863	4 28	3 24	7 26	2 28	Aftern.							23										8 21	9 0	5 10	5 46	125
5	S	Napoleon the Great died, 1821	4 26	3 30	7 27	2 53	1 26							24										9 42	10 22	6 25	7 7	126
6	S	ROGATION SUNDAY	4 25	3 34	7 29	3 14	2 33							25										10 57	11 28	7 47	8 22	127
7	M	Savings Bank instituted, 1815	4 23	3 38	7 30	3 35	3 39							26										11 57	—	8 53	9 22	128
8	Tu	Half-Quarter Day	4 21	3 42	7 32	3 54	4 43							27										0 21	0 42	9 46	10 7	129
9	W	Schiller died, 1805	4 20	3 45	7 33	4 14	5 47							28										1 2	1 21	10 27	10 46	130
10	Th	Ascens. Day. Holy Thurs.	4 18	3 47	7 35	4 35	6 51							29										1 38	1 55	11 3	11 20	131
11	F	Sir J. F. W. Herschel died, 1871	4 16	3 49	7 37	4 59	7 55							30										2 11	2 25	11 36	11 50	132
12	S	Passage of the Douro, 1803	4 15	3 50	7 38	5 26	8 57							1										2 41	2 57	—	0 6	133
13	S	SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION	4 13	3 50	7 40	5 59	9 57							2										3 13	3 29	0 22	0 38	134
14	M	Illustrated London News first published, 1842	4 12	3 50	7 42	6 37	10 52							3										3 44	4 2	0 54	1 9	135
15	Tu	Daniel O'Connell died, 1847	4 11	3 50	7 43	7 24	11 41							4										4 18	4 36	1 27	1 43	136
16	W	Battle of Albuera, 1811	4 10	3 49	7 45	8 20	Morn.							5										4 53	5 11	2 1	2 18	137
17	Th	Length of Day, 15h. 33m.	4 8	3 47	7 46	9 23	0 23							6										5 31	5 53	2 36	2 56	138
18	F	Oxford Easter Term ends Easter Law Sittings end	4 7	3 45	7 47	10 31	1 0							7										6 19	6 47	3 18	3 44	139
19	S	Oxford Trinity Term begins	4 5	3 42	7 49	11 44	1 30							8										7 17	7 50	4 12	4 42	140
20	S	WHIT SUNDAY. Pentecost	4 3	3 39	7 50	Aftern.	1 58							9										8 27	9 6	5 15	5 52	141
21	M	Marie Edgeworth died, 1849	4 2	3 35	7 52	2 18	2 23							10										9 45	10 19	6 31	7 10	142
22	Tu	Length of Night, 8h. 7m.	4 0	3 31	7 53	3 40	2 48							11										10 52	11 24	7 44	8 17	143
23	W	Battle of Ramilies, 1766	3 59	3 26	7 55	5 3	3 12							12										11 53	—	8 49	9 18	144
24	Th	Birth of Queen Victoria, 1819	3 58	3 21	7 57	6 29	3 41							13										0 19	0 43	9 44	10 8	145
25	F	Princess Helena born, 1846	3 57	3 15	7 58	7 52	4 13							14										1 7	1 32	10 32	10 57	146
26	S	St. Augustine	3 56	3 9	7 59	9 10	4 53							15										1 57	2 20	11 22	11 45	147
27	S	TRINITY SUNDAY	3 55	3 8	8 0	10 18	5 43							16										2 43	3 8	—	0 8	148
28	M	Earl Russell died, 1873	3 55	2 55	8 1	11 13	6 38							17										3 31	3 56	0 33	0 56	149
29	Tu	Trinity Law Sittings begin	3 54	2 47	8 2	11 57	7 45							18										4 21	4 44	1 21	1 46	150
30	W	Earl Spencer born, 1798	3 53	2 39	8 2	Morn.	8 54							19										5 9	5 33	2 9	2 34	151
31	Th	Corpus Christi	3 52	2 31	8 3	0 31	10 5							20										5 58	6 24	2 58	3 23	152

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR MAY.

The Moon is near Venus during the morning hours of the 9th, and she is near Mercury on the 10th. The Moon is very near Saturn on the 16th, the nearest approach will be at 10h p.m. She is near Mars during the evening hours of the 21st, the nearest approach will be at about 11h p.m.; and she will be near Jupiter during the night of the 24th, being situated to the right of the planet, the space between them decreasing as the night advances. Her phases or times of change are:—

Last Quarter on the 2nd at 47 minutes after 11 in the afternoon.
New Moon " 11th " 21 " 1 " morning.
First Quarter " 18th " 5 " 11 " afternoon.
Full Moon " 25th " 40 " 1 " afternoon.

Mercury is the farthest from the Earth on the 10th, and nearest to it on the 24th. Mercury is an evening star, setting on the 10th at 7h 32m p.m., or 3 minutes before sunset; on the 15th at 8h 19m p.m., or 36 minutes after sunset; on the 20th at 9h 1m p.m., or 1h 11m after the Sun sets; on the 24th at 9h 23m p.m., or 1h 35m after sunset; and on the 29th at 9h 54m p.m., or 1h 52m after the Sun sets. He is in ascending node on the 10th, is near the

Moon on the same day, in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 11th, and is at the least distance from the Sun on the 15th.

Venus rises on the 2nd at 4h 3m a.m., or 25 minutes before sunrise; on the 12th at 3h 46m a.m., or 23 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 22nd at 3h 33m a.m., or 27 minutes before sunrise; and on the 31st at 3h 23m a.m., or 29 minutes before the Sun rises. She is near the Moon on the 9th.

Mars rises on the 2nd at 3h 55m a.m., or 36 minutes before sunrise; on the 12th at 3h 10m a.m., or 1 hour 5 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 22nd at 2h 27m a.m., or 1 hour 33 minutes before sunrise; and on the 31st at 1h 49m a.m., or 2 hours 3 minutes before the Sun rises. He is near the Moon on the 21st.

Jupiter rises on the 1st at 9h 11m p.m., or 1 hour 49 minutes after sunset; on the 10th at 8h 29m p.m., or 54 minutes after the Sun sets; on the 18th at 7h 53m p.m., or 6 minutes after sunset. He sets on the 31st at 3h 38m a.m., or 14 minutes before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 25th, and in opposition to the Sun on the 22nd.

Saturn sets on the 1st at 1h 33m a.m.; on the 11th at 0h 55m a.m.; on the 21st at 0h 17m a.m.; and



SPRING.



THE TOY SYMPHONY.
DRAWN BY E. HOPKINS.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 23, 1887), with a codicil (dated Feb. 7, 1888), of Mr. Daniel Wood, bachelor, late of Moorfield, Glossop, Derbyshire, who died on Feb. 7 last, was proved on March 15 by John Wood and John Wood Hessegrave, nephews, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £507,000. Subject to some legacies to servants and a legacy of £19,000 for endowment for a hospital which he had provided money to build in his lifetime, the testator leaves all his property amongst his brother, sister, three nephews, and a niece.

The will (dated March 17, 1887) of Mr. Ralph Heap, late of Mersey-road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, who died on Feb. 24 last, was proved on March 21, at the Chester District Registry, by Joshua Milne Heap and Richard Rankin Heap, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £422,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000 each to his nephews Ralph Heap and Arthur Barnsley; £10,000 each to his nieces Sarah Jane Heap, Mrs. Mary Heap, and Mary Constance Heap; £5000 each to the six children of his deceased nephew, Robert Kelsall; and legacies to other relatives, clerks, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephews, Joshua Milne Heap and Richard Rankin Heap, absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1875), with two codicils (dated March 5, 1878, and March 24, 1880), of Mr. James Patry, late of No. 7, Cambridge-terrace, Regent's Park, and No. 38, Mincing-lane, East India and Colonial broker, who died on Feb. 13 last, was proved on April 12, by Robert Stephen Patry, the nephew, Michael George John Lavers and John Charles Hardy, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £112,000. The testator bequeaths £22,000, upon trust, for his niece, Mrs. Louisa De Westerweller, for life, and at her death to her children; £24,000 each to his nephews, Adolphe Patry and William Patry; £300 to the secretary or consistory of the Swiss Church, Endell-street; £200 to the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress; £100 each to University College Hospital, the Metropolitan Free Hospital (Gray's-inn-road), and the Hospital for Incurables (Great Ormond-street); and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew, Robert Stephen Patry. He also states that he intends, by another will, to leave all his immovable property, not in the United Kingdom, to his said nephew, Robert.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1888) of Mr. Charles Harris Hodgson, late of No. 74, Belgrade-road, No. 10, Salisbury-street, Strand, and The Cottage, Erith, Kent, who died at Paris on Feb. 1, was proved on April 18 by Mrs. Mary Louisa Hodgson, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator gives and devises all his property to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1886) of Mr. Charles Suckling Gilman, late of St. Giles's-street, Norwich, who died on March 8 last, was proved on April 16 by Charles Rackham Gilman, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testator gives an annuity of £800 to his wife, for life, and, at her death, legacies to children and grandchildren. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, Charles Rackham Gilman, absolutely.

The will (dated June 1, 1887), with a codicil (dated Aug. 18, 1887), of Mr. Charles Dillon Artis, late of Belmont, Baird's Hill, St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet, who died on Jan. 17 last, was proved on April 7 by Anthony Artis, the son, and William Thomas Carlisle, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testator gives annuities of £200 each to his daughter Mrs. Matilda Griggs and his son James; £100 each to his daughter Mrs. Mary Dumas and to his son William; and specific bequests to children and relatives. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Anthony Artis.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1885) and a codicil (dated Dec. 13, 1886) of Dame Lucinda Emma Maria Jodrell, late of No. 21, Portland-place, W., widow, who died at Cannes on March 1, were proved on April 14 by Sir Alfred Jodrell, Bart., one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding

£18,000. The testatrix bequeaths £50 to the Vicar of the parish of Lewknor, Oxfordshire, for the deserving poor; and legacies and specific gifts to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to Sir Alfred Jodrell, absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1882) of the Right Hon. Annie, Lady Brassey, late of Normanhurst Court, near Battle, Sussex, who died at sea on Sept. 14 last, was proved on April 16 by the Right Hon. Thomas, Baron Brassey, K.C.B., the value of the personal estate exceeding £15,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her books, pictures, works of art, and other curiosities purchased or collected during the voyages of the yacht Sunbeam, to her son, the Hon. Thomas Allnutt Brassey, to be held as heirlooms, and also a legacy of £5000, to buy a memento of her; and her furs, lace, and jewels to her three daughters. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her three daughters, the Hon. Mabelle Annie Egerton, the Hon. Muriel Agnes Brassey, and the Hon. Marie Adelaide Brassey.

IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

The condition of the poorer classes of the agricultural population in Ireland differs immensely, as should always be remembered, on the western shores of the island, in those parts of Donegal, Mayo, Galway, and Clare which front the Atlantic Ocean, from the general state of the country. To the east of the Shannon, it may safely be affirmed, there is as little real distress, and farming can be as prosperously carried on, as in the agricultural districts of England; indeed there are large portions of Ireland peculiarly favoured by nature, in their soil and climate, and by their accessibility to good English markets, with excellent roads, navigable rivers and canals, and convenient ports, commanding advantages that many in Great Britain do not possess. But the state of those who must live by their own unassisted labour on the wretched coast of Connaught, in the mountain glens of Donegal, among the rocks or at the edge of the bogs in Connemara, or on the desolate isles of the sea, is one of chronic misery that can hardly be exaggerated. The only possible remedy is systematic emigration by the aid of the State; a hundred thousand poor families must be removed, with their parish priests engaged by secure stipends, either to the fertile plains of Manitoba, or, if they choose, to New Brunswick or Newfoundland, and provided with huts, tools, seed, and cattle, and subsistence for a twelvemonth. It is certain that a vast number of their present small holdings can never pay any agricultural rent, and never did pay any; but the rent formerly came out of wages earned in English harvest-fields, or remittances from sons and daughters working in England or in the United States. This was not just; and if it be said that rent was due for the cabins as dwellings, the answer is that the Irish peasantry built their cabins for themselves. However, the days of landlord oppression and extortion have gone by, under the present Irish Land Law; rent, under these circumstances, can no longer be exacted: only last week, an Achill estate of two thousand acres, on which no rent has been collected for three years, was sold for £630. The rearing and selling of calves or yearling cattle, which was the sole money-getting resource of the petty moorland farmer, has ceased to bring any return; and those poor people must go. Our Artist's Sketches indicate one or two minor incidents, the value of which may be learnt by studying Mr. J. H. Tuke's accurate reports of the state of things in the barren wilds of Galway and Donegal; feeding poultry is all very well, for instance, when potato-parings are at hand, but how if there be no potatoes even for human food? Seed potatoes have been given, over and over again, by the charitable Quakers, or by grants from Government; and the people have eaten them, not to die of hunger, instead of putting them in the ground. Their condition, we repeat, is worse than that of any population in the civilised world. It has nothing to do with politics: the Nationalist faction, drawing no funds from the starving West, cares nothing for this uncomplaining destitution, and takes no thought for its relief. The Legislature of the United Kingdom has the power to devise and execute measures for this purpose.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Hon. George Eden, second son of Lord Auckland, with Miss Amy Violet Hay, third daughter of Colonel the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hay, was celebrated in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on April 19, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends of both families. The Hon. Morton Eden accompanied his brother as best man; and the six bridesmaids were Miss Maude Hay, sister of the bride; the Hon. Mary Eden, sister of the bridegroom; the Hon. Edwyna Fiennes, cousin of the bride; Miss Constance West, Miss Florence Halford, and Miss Lepel Sayer. The bride was received at the church by her father, by whom she was afterwards given away.

The marriage of Mr. Richard Arnoll Edgell, eldest son of Colonel Richard John Edgell, retired list, Bengal Army, with Diana Agnes, elder daughter of Sir Joseph Fayrer, took place in Westminster Abbey in the afternoon of the same day, in the presence of a numerous gathering. Mr. Denham Westmacott was best man to the bridegroom, his cousin; and the bridesmaids were Miss Beta Fayrer, sister of the bride; Miss Helen Edgell, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Williams, Miss Alston, Miss Lily Craik, Miss Helen Stewart, and Miss Ethel Grimston. Miss Lilian Edgell, niece of the bridegroom, acted as train-bearer. The bride was given away by her father.

The marriage of Mr. F. Alexander MacKinnon, eldest son of Mr. W. A. MacKinnon, of MacKinnon, with Emily Isabel, eldest daughter of Admiral Sir Arthur W. A. Hood (First Naval Lord) and Lady Hood, was solemnised in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on the same day. Mr. George Marsham was the bridegroom's best man; and the bridesmaids were Miss Fanny Hood, sister of the bride; Miss MacKinnon and Miss Sophia MacKinnon, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Beatrice Luttrell, Miss Margaret Acland Hood, Miss Nevill, Miss Hickley, and Miss Linda MacKinnon, cousin of the bridegroom, and Master John Maclean as page in Highland costume; Miss Nora MacKinnon was also in the bridal train. The service was fully choral. The bride arrived at the church at one o'clock, and, escorted by her father, followed the choir up the aisle. There was a large number of relatives and friends present at the ceremony.

The marriage of Mr. Duff-Assheton-Smith, of Vaynol Park, Bangor, Deputy-Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire, with Laura Alice, youngest daughter of Mr. Colin Stanhope Jones, of St. George's-square, London, was celebrated the same day at the picturesque church of Tilston, Cheshire, the bride being the guest of Mr. Hurleston Lecke, Carden Park. The bride was given away by her father. The bridegroom's best man was his brother, Mr. H. Duff-Assheton-Smith. Miss Stanhope Jones acted as bridesmaid to her sister. On the previous night the summit of Snowdon was lighted up with a bonfire, consisting of twenty tons of firewood; and there were great rejoicings in North Wales, Mr. Assheton-Smith celebrating the event by making a presentation of half a year's rents to his tenantry. The gift represented a sum of £15,000. The gardeners, gamekeepers, and woodmen on the Vaynol Park estate, together with the whole of the slate quarry men, with their wives and children, were presented with railway passes to Liverpool and Manchester.—Mr. Assheton-Smith has also caused to be planted on the slopes of Anol Rhiwen a Jubilee plantation, consisting of 630,000 trees.

The marriage of the Hon. R. Gerard, second son of the late Lord Gerard, of Garswood Hall, Lancashire, with Eleanor, second daughter of Mrs. Banks, of Winstanley Hall, Lancashire, was celebrated on the same day, at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick-street. The Hon. F. Henley was the best man; and the three bridesmaids (sisters of the bride) were Miss Banks, Miss Frances Banks, and Miss Charlotte Banks, the latter acting as trainbearer.

Major George Heaviside, late Inniskilling Dragoons, and Lady Sophia Rous, second daughter of the late Earl of Stradbroke, were married in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on April 20. The wedding was private, there being no bridesmaids and only a few friends present at the ceremony. Lady Sophia was given away by her mother, the Countess of Stradbroke.

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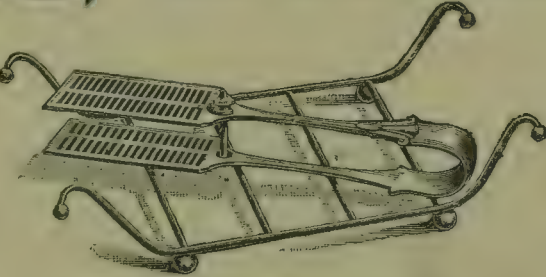
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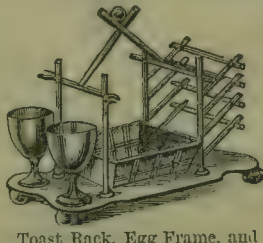
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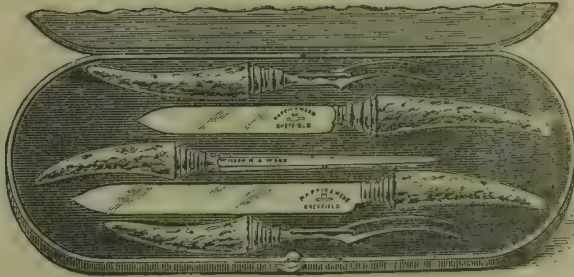
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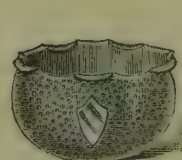


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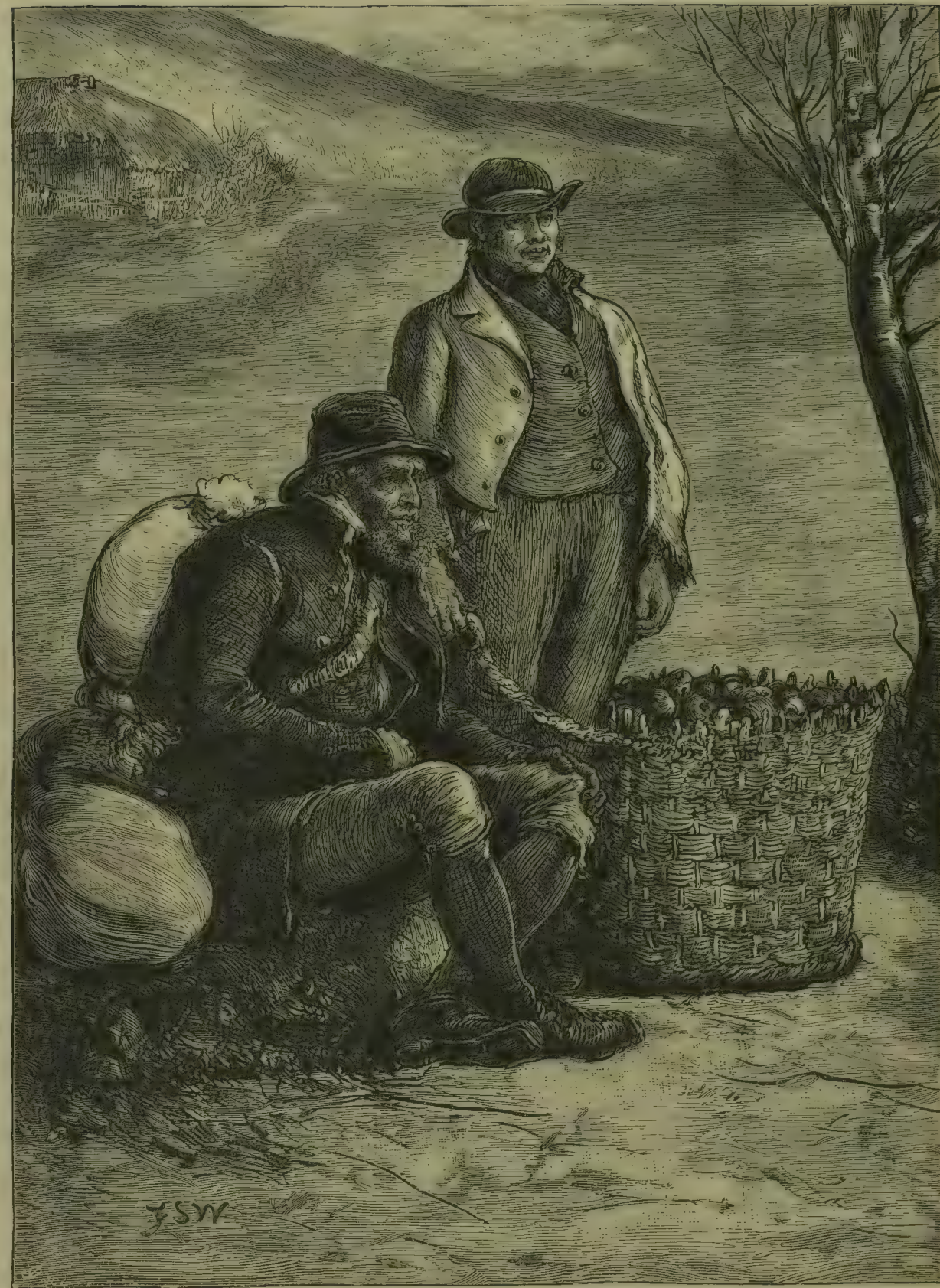
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SOME LIVING FRENCH PAINTERS.

The portraits of some distinguished French artists of the present day, with memoirs of their lives and works, appeared in this Journal a twelvemonth ago; to which the following are now added:—

Charles Jacque was born at Paris in 1813. His works, though mainly confined to such rural subjects as the sheepfold and the poultry-yard, are among the glories of French art; and his talent is also shown as an etcher and draughtsman. He early desired to become an artist, but circumstances were untoward; so he passed from a lawyer's office into the shop of a geographical engraver, and thence into the Army, where he took part in the siege of Antwerp, and lost several of his best years. However, he never forgot his calling, but in his leisure hours drew caricatures and other drawings. The years 1836-7 found him in England, drawing on wood for works of a high class. As he felt his way, his genius as an etcher became manifest. A catalogue of his numerous works in this line has been published, entitled, "L'Œuvre de Charles Jacque," by J. J. Guiffroy. It was not until 1845 that he began to paint, and he did not exhibit at the Salon until 1861. He went on doing so for three years, sending etchings and drawings, as well as paintings. Rewards showered upon him, and one of the principal pictures he then exhibited, "Troupeau de Moutons dans un Paysage," is in the Luxembourg. Oblivious, however, of the common right of all to benefit by the works of genius, he ceased, after 1863, to send any pictures to the Salon. Thus, although so numerous that he cannot himself give a list, they have only been visible at dealers' exhibitions. Happily, after an abstinence of nearly a quarter of a century, M. Jacque celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday by a re-entry this year into the Salon. It is an event in Art, and the more striking, as his principal picture, "Grand Troupeau au Pâturage," is on the scale of nature. And, since M. Jacque does nothing by halves, he sends a second, "Abreuvoir: Clair de Lune." He has published a work on the various breeds of fowls, and has with indefatigable energy started and conducted important industrial enterprises. Charles Jacque is a great artist, and a remarkable man.

Antoine Auguste Ernest Hébert is a member of the Institute of France, and director of the French Academy of Rome. Nominated to the latter post, in 1867, he returned to France in 1873, became a professor at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and, in 1885, for the second time, director of the school at Rome. Born at Grenoble in 1817, the pupil of David D'Angers, and then of Delaroche, he obtained the Prix de Rome in 1839. At the Salon of the same year he exhibited "Tasso in Prison," a picture bought for the Museum at Grenoble. At the Salons of 1847-48 he exhibited:—"The Siesta," "L'Almée," "The Italian Shepherd," "Morning in the Wood," and "Peasant Woman Churning." In 1850, he produced the well-known picture in the Luxembourg—"Italian Peasants Flying the Malaria." "The Kiss of Judas," also in the Luxembourg, was exhibited in 1853. In the same year he returned to Italy, where he painted "Young Girls of Alivito" and "Crescentius in Prison." These two pictures were exhibited at the Exposition Universelle in 1855. At the Salon of 1859 he exhibited "Rosa Nera at the Fountain," a picture in the possession of the Empress Eugénie; also the "Cervarolles," now in the Luxembourg. Both these paintings were made in Italy, the artist living for two years on the rocks of Cervara. The next decade was passed in France, during which time he made many portraits—among others, those of Prince Napoleon and Princesses Clotilde and Mathilde, as well as several pictures. One of these—"The Girl at the Well," exhibited at the Salon of 1861—was purchased by the Empress. At this time he also executed two paintings for the Emperor's Library at the Louvre—"The Apotheosis of Napoleon I." and that of Napoleon III.—works burnt during the Commune. In 1863 he exhibited "Pasqua Maria," a fair-haired little Italian—a picture which so impressed the Comtesse De Noailles that she sought out and adopted the girl, who, in the sequel, married an English doctor. "The Black Pearl," which appeared at the Salon of 1866, gave the opposite type of Italian beauty. This was followed in 1867 by an "Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise." In 1869 appeared "La Pastorella" and "La Lavandaja"; in 1870, "Morning and Evening of Life," one of the best paintings in the Salon, now the property of an English amateur; and in 1872, "The Popular Italian Muse." In the last-named year, M. Hébert presented the church of his native village with a painting, entitled "La Vierge de la Délivrance." To express with rare power the dreamy sadness of Italian beauty seems the peculiar distinction of this master in French art.

Evariste Luminais was born at Nantes in 1821, of a family belonging to the then governing classes, his father and grandfather both sitting in the French Chambers. Arriving in Paris about 1839, he became the pupil first of Cogniet, and then of Throyon. The first half of his career appears to have been devoted to studying the old Gaulish spirit as it still lingers in certain parts of France: the later period to exercising his historical imagination thus educated. The catalogue of his works exhibited at the following Salons illustrates the truth of this remark: 1843, "A Scene from the Civil War under the Republic" and "Stable Interior"; 1847, "Breton Fair," "Sick Girl," "After the Fight"; 1848, "Evening: Rout of Germans at Tolbiac"; 1849, "Siege of Paris by the Normans," "Sea Robbers"; 1850, "Lesson on the Bagpipes," "Return from the Fair"; 1852, "The Breton Shepherd"; also "The Wrack-Harvest," "Reading a Will"; 1855, "Taking Nests of Birds of Prey," "The Grand Carillon," "The Lesson in Plain Chant"; 1857, "Herdsman of Kerlat"; 1859, "Scene in a Cabaret," "War-Cry of the Chouan"; 1860, "Where they Hold the Fair," "Return from Hunting"; 1863, "A Consultation," "Hallah," "Tenderness"; 1864, "The Two Keepers"; 1865, "Over the Hedge," "The Widow"; 1866, "Sea-Robbers"; 1868, "A Poacher," "The Rivals." After so prolonged a study of the people who have best preserved the spirit and traditions of old Gaul, M. Luminais was well fitted for the task to which, as will be seen by the remainder of the list, he has devoted his life. 1869, "Gaulish Outpost"; 1872, "Invasion: Gauls beholding Rome for the First Time," "Raid," "Return from Hunting"; 1874, "Brunehaut"; 1875, "King Morvan," "Cattle-Lifting"; 1877, "A Total Rout," "Runaway Prisoner"; 1878, "Hunt under Dagobert," "Repose of Gaulish Hunter"; 1879, "Death of Chramm"; 1880, "The Sons of Clovis, hamstrung by order of their Father, conveyed in a boat to the Monastery of Jumièges," "Dispute over a Female Prisoner"; 1881, "Erato"; 1882, "Carrying off Prisoners" and "During War"; 1883, "The Last Merovingian"; 1884, "King Gradlon's Flight"; 1885, "Death of Chilpéric I.," "Escape of Female Prisoners"; 1866, "Sea-Rovers"; 1887, "A Rescue."

Dominique Félix De Vuillefroy Cassini, born in Paris in 1841, is descendant of the celebrated astronomer Giovanni Domenico Cassini, called to France by Colbert in 1669 to take charge of the Observatory. Although taught drawing from earliest childhood, M. De Vuillefroy was made a law student, and a post obtained for him under Government. His vocation for art was, however, too decided, and in 1865 he entered the studio of the painter Hébert, and after the

removal of the latter to Rome, became the pupil of Bonnat. His first picture, a landscape, exhibited in 1867, gave him a footing at the Salon, and since then he has never failed to take part in the Paris Salons. In 1868 he exhibited "Stags in the Forest of Fontainebleau"; 1869, "Spanish Cavaliers on the Banks of the Tagus"; 1870, "Women gathering Sticks in the Forest of Fontainebleau," a picture which gave general satisfaction, and was bought by the State. At the Salon of 1872 M. De Vuillefroy exhibited "November—Fontainebleau," with some stags in the forest, and from that time his pictures have been taken from the animal world. In 1873, "Stags: Summer Effect in the Forest of Fontainebleau"; 1874, "Cows grazing, and Sheep"; 1875, "A Horse-Market in Picardy" and "A Drove of Cattle entering Paris on their way to Market"—these pictures fixed the painter's position as one of the first animalists of the day; 1876, two pictures from Auvergne—"Cows" and "Cattle-Market at Montferrand"; 1877, a large painting of Morvan; 1878, "Two Bulls," "Bad Weather on the Cliffs at Dieppe," and a group of cows; 1879, "A Herd of Cows in the Bernese Oberland"—this picture is now in the museum at Amiens; 1880, "Return of the Herd after the Storm," a powerful effect, bought by the State for the Luxembourg; 1881, "The Horse-Pond," and another, "Horses in the Water"; 1882, "The Fair," and a "Scene on the Landes of Brittany"; 1883, "Calves at Grass," also bought for the Luxembourg; 1884, "Cows: Autumnal Effect"; 1885, "Selling Colts"; 1886, "The Watering-Place," and "Colts setting out for the Fair"; 1887, "Morning in the Forest," roebucks advancing through a glade, also "Village Fields, with Sheep"; 1888, "Norman Cows." M. De Vuillefroy was one of the founders of the Société des Artistes Français, in 1881, and has ever since acted as secretary to its council.

Louis Henri Dupray was born in 1841, at Sedan. The grandson of a soldier, and passing his childhood in a garrison town, it was natural that he should enter the Army. But his military career was suddenly cut short by an accident in the forest of Montmorency. A prisoner for eleven months, he amused himself by drawing the things around him, and in trying to reproduce whatever had interested him in bygone times. From inert objects he rose to portraiture, and then tried grouping. It being decided that on his recovery he should enter business, he thought to combine duty and taste in using his talent for art in connection with industrial designing. By some happy means the higher faculties had their way, and he went into the studio of Cogniet, and then into that of Pils. In 1865 he exhibited his first picture, "The Cuirassier." In 1870, "An Episode from Waterloo: Ney leading a Charge of the Cuirassiers." In 1872, "La Grand' Garde in the Environs of Paris: Episode of the Siege." These two pictures were much noticed. In 1871 he exhibited "General Ducrot and Admiral La Roncière le Noury at the Cross of Flanders, an Outpost of Le Bourget." In 1876, "On Guard in the Market-Place of St. Denis," and "A Regiment of Hussars on the March," an incident in the closing scenes of the Franco-German War. The wretched troops, starved horses, struggling without order through snow, tell in forcible language the fate of the unhappy army of the Loire. In 1877 he exhibited "Foreign Officers watching the Autumnal Manœuvres," and "Light Artillery going to take up a Position." In 1878, "Arriving at the Halting-Place—the Tail of the Column"; 1879, "The Capitalist"; in 1880, "The Horse Unshod"; 1883, "Departure from the Quarter-General after Breakfast"; 1884, "Départ Incognito" (the flight of the Empress Eugénie on the morning of Sept. 5, 1870, from the hotel of Dr. Evans). Henri Dupray has been named with Detaille and De Neuville; but he has something peculiar to himself—he sees the humour of the scene; he is alive, as has been well observed, to the human pantomime.

Léon Auguste Lhermitte gives another aspect of that life which Millet and Breton have painted with so much sympathy. Born in 1844, in the village of Mont St. Père, on the banks of the Marne, the son of a schoolmaster, the prospect of becoming distinguished in the Paris art-world could not have appeared very likely. At the age of nineteen, an amateur, struck with his abilities, sent him to Paris, where he was put under the direction of Lecoq De Boisbaudran. He began to exhibit at the Salon in 1868, his works being mostly drawings in black and white; in 1875 he exhibited "Pilgrimage to the Virgin of the Pillar"; in 1876, "Grape-Harvest and Sheep-Washing"; in 1877, another "Pilgrimage"; in 1878, the "Potato-Market at Landerneau" and "A Street in St. Malo"; 1879, "The Pardon of Ploumanach," now in the Museum of St. Quentin; 1880, "The Grandmother," now in the Museum of Ghent; 1881, "The Cabaret," a game of quartet; 1882, "The Harvesters' Pay-Day," now in the Luxembourg; 1883, "Harvest" and "Woman Spinning"; 1884, "Grape-Harvest," now in one of the public art galleries in New York; 1885, "Wine"; 1886, two drawings, "April" and "Washing Linen on the Banks of the Marne"; 1887, "Haymaking"; 1888, "Harvest-Time," a family group. Besides these paintings, he has nearly every year exhibited at the Salon two drawings, mainly delineations of labouring life. "The Wheelwright," "The Weaver," "Shoemakers," "Laundresses," &c., such are the subjects this indefatigable artist makes his study. The exhibitions in black and white held in Paris, as well as others of the same kind in England and Scotland, have from M. Lhermitte constant and valuable contributions. He also exhibits every year to a Society of Painters in Pastel whose works appear in Paris every spring at the Galerie Georges-Petit. Besides these varied forms of art, M. Lhermitte has produced a certain number of etchings, some of which have appeared in the *Etcher* and the *Portfolio*, and the more important have been published by Messrs. A. Tooth and Sons. An exhibition of drawings in black and white, illustrations of a work on rustic life, was held last winter. M. Lhermitte is now decorating one of the halls of the Sorbonne, and a room in the Hôtel de Ville of Paris. By his own example, as well as by the subjects he chooses for his pencil, he may be said to live to the glory of hard work.

Jean Gustave Jacquet is, as Edmond About once said, "a born painter." Subjects interest him in the degree they lend themselves to artistic treatment. He passes from century to century, sometimes reproducing an individual type, sometimes a social one. By turns sweet, startling, humorous, solemn, his pictures are in every key. He was born in Paris in 1846, and early discovering a determination to be an artist, became a pupil of Bouguereau. His sensitive temperament was not fitted for the arena of artistic gymnastics, and he preferred to follow his own inspirations, studying Rubens and Van Dyck, Reynolds and Gainsborough, Watteau, Boucher, Rigaud, Largillière, &c., and working with an ardour and a persistency equal to any athlete of the schools. Portraiture has always greatly interested him, and one of his early works was a remarkable portrait of his father. He exhibited for the first time in 1865, and again in 1866. In 1867 his Salon picture was the "Call to Arms," bought by the Princess Mathilde; in 1868, "A Sortie in the Fifteenth Century," bought by the State, and now in the Museum of Blois; then he sent to the Salon a "Venus" in the Venetian style, and was smitten with the idea of painting types of female beauty. The war interrupted this scheme, and he became for the time a soldier, entering a battalion of France-

Tireurs and taking part in several fights. In 1871 he returned to his series of female studies, and in 1872 his picture was entitled "Young Girl holding a Sword," now in New York; in 1873 he exhibited "Great Fête in Touraine, towards 1563," a work much noticed; in 1875, "The Reverie," "Halt of Lansquenets," and "The Vedette," gave brilliant promise; in 1877, a portrait and two feminine types—one a healthy peasant, the other a pallid, wistful Parisian, bearing the suggestive title—"La Pauvrete." In 1878 he exhibited "Jeanne d'Arc praying for France"; in 1879, "The First Arrival," bought by Alexandre Dumas; in 1880, "The Minuet"; in 1882, "Glorious France," and a portrait; in 1883, "A Grandfather's Joys"; in 1884, "The Pavan," a solemn dance of the sixteenth century; in 1885, a "Puck" and "The Queen of the Camp"; in 1886, a portrait of the Duchess of Uzès; in 1887, "The Enchantress Armida abandoned by Rinaldo"; and this spring he has exhibited two heads at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, entitled "Summer and Winter." His Salon picture this year is entitled, "The Bird flown away," and represents a young girl, in Louis Quinze costume, looking sorrowfully at an empty cage which she holds in her hand.

Maurice Courant, born at Havre in 1847, is a pupil of Meissonier. He passed the winter of 1867-68 with that master on the shores of the Mediterranean, whence he took the subjects of his first pictures exhibited at the Salon (1868-69). In 1870 he exhibited a picture taken from the neighbourhood of Aiguemort. In 1872, "A Corner of a Pond in Winter." Between these two Salons he passed about four months in a German fortress. During the Franco-Prussian War, acting as quartermaster in the artillery of the Army of the North, he was in November, 1870, made prisoner, and interned in the citadel of Ulm, Würtemberg, until April in the following year. Having passed his childhood and youth in a great sea-port, it was natural that his artistic talent should definitely fix itself on marine painting, which it did in 1873. One of his paintings exhibited in that year, "Low Water," is now in the gallery of M. Alexandre Dumas. He lived himself the mariner's life, endured its dangers and trials, and thus, by experience, learnt something of its realities. The coasts of Brittany, Provence, and Catalogne, as well as the environs of Paris, have afforded him subjects for his pencil. Descended, in one line, from English parentage, he has made two considerable stays in this country, painting scenes on the Thames. He is a frequent exhibitor, both at the Salon, at the Cercle de l'Union Artistique, and at the Société de l'Aquarellistes. His pictures at the Salon, since 1873, have been as follows:—1875, "Bad Weather"; 1877, "Before the Squall"; 1878, "Getting under Sail" and "The Sea-Gulls' Rock"; 1879, "An Atlantic Steamer coming into the Port of Havre" and another marine subject, "The Calm"; 1881, "La Barque à Goddebi"; 1882, "Mackerel-Fishing"; 1885, "Return of the Shrimpers"; 1886, "At the Opening of the Port"; 1887, "In the Tide Dock" and "The Old Basin at Twilight"; 1888, "Autumnal Morning at Concaneau." The work of this painter is distinguished for precision in detail and sincerity in all the painting.

Pascal Adolphe Jean Dagnan-Bouveret was born at Paris in 1852, and entered Gérôme's studio in 1869. His fellow-pupil there was M. Gustave Courtois, with whom he allied himself in a friendship which has become famous. In 1876 he obtained a prize of Rome, and in the following year his comrade was equally successful; and from that time to this they have always shared the same studio. M. Dagnan-Bouveret has proved the breadth of his power by the variety of his subjects, ranging as they do from the mysterious legends of Greek mythology to the half-humorous incidents of the Paris boulevard or of French rural life, and again, from the realism of to-day to scenes from works of fiction full of sentiment of a serious order. His works, as may be seen from the following catalogue of his Salon pictures and their destination, are highly valued by foreign amateurs. In 1875 he exhibited "Atalanta"; in 1876, "Orpheus overcome by the Bacchantes"; 1878, "The Burial of Manon Lescaut"; in 1879, "A Wedding Party at the Photographer's," now in the Museum of Lyons; 1880, "An Accident," a scene in French village life. This picture, now in an American collection at Baltimore, was followed, in 1882, by a scene from Franche-Comté: "Benediction before Marriage." A Russian became the proprietor of this picture. The succeeding picture, "Vaccination," which appeared at the Royal Academy in 1884, was bought by an Englishman. M. Dagnan-Bouveret's Salon pictures in 1884 were a portrait of his friend M. Courtois, and a "Hamlet and the Grave-diggers"; in 1885, "Horses Drinking" and "La Vierge"; in 1886, "Le Pain Bénit"; both this picture and horses drinking belong to the Luxembourg; in 1887, "The Pardon, Brittany," a picture sold in England. M. Dagnan-Bouveret has also exhibited some portraits.

Jules Girardet, who was born in Paris in 1836, belongs to a family of artists, and is a pupil of Cabanel and the engraver Paul Girardet. His first success at the Salon was in 1880, when he exhibited "An Episode of the Siege of Saragossa." The scene represented some monks defending with the crucifix the porch of a church from some Grenadiers. Next year the companion picture was given—the scene in the interior after the soldiers had forced their way. In 1882 his subject was "General Lescaut, wounded, about to cross the Loire with his routed Army"; in 1883 he gave "The Rout at Chollet." These two pictures relate to the same event, the critical struggle which decided the Vendean war in 1793; in 1884, "The Girondins Louvet and his friend Lodoiska taking Refuge in the House of a Breton Peasant"; and "An Arrest during the Terror"; in 1885, "Partie Manquée," a serious travelling accident in the eighteenth century; 1886, "Episode of the Dragonnades in 1685"; in 1887, "Revolters of Fouessant led to Quimper: an Episode of the Vendean War"; in 1888, "The Duchess of Maine summoned to quit the Louvre (1717)." The Musée de Neuchâtel contains a painting by M. Girardet, entitled, "Change of Cantonment: Scene in the Retreat of Bourbaki's Army into Switzerland in 1870." M. Girardet belongs to that increasing number of French artists who find in the modern history of their country an inexhaustible fund of picturesque and poetic subjects.

R. H.

THE IRISH EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

In addition to the list already given of persons prominent in politics, religion, law, literature, and society, who have given their active support to this peaceful effort to benefit the sister kingdom, are the following:—The Earl of Leitrim, who has joined the Executive Council, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Earl of Dufferin, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Sir Algernon Borthwick, Bart., M.P. Many of the Corporations in Ireland, including Dublin, Belfast, and Waterford, have officially taken up the subject, and have strongly urged upon the trading community in their respective districts their conviction that Irish industries are likely to be substantially benefited by a comprehensive display in London of what Ireland's markets and manufactories can produce. Several prominent men have offered considerable contributions towards the scheme. The exhibition will be at Olympia, Kensington.

ACROSS TWO OCEANS: THE WEST INDIES.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who has crossed the Atlantic, and is going to cross the Pacific, for the purpose of sketching the scenery and social aspects of various places in the West Indies, at the works of the Panama Canal, in California, in British Columbia, and in our Australasian colonies, furnishes one or two additional Views of Georgetown, Demerara, and several others of Trinidad, Barbadoes, and St. Vincent, supplying the Illustrations published this week.

Demerara, with its capital, Georgetown, on the South American mainland coast, has already been described. Mr. Prior's letter, part of which appeared on March 31, mentioned the long and wide open trenches, especially in Main-street and Camp-street, through which streams of water flow from the hills to the sea. One of these is quite a mile long; that magnificent aquatic plant, the Victoria Regia, grows luxuriantly in the water of the middle trench, which is comparatively clean, in this instance, the side trenches only being used as sewers. The description of Georgetown, by another correspondent, which we gave on March 10, particularly referred to the busy and often crowded scene of town life in Water-street, the most important commercial resort, with the warehouses of English, Scotch, and foreign merchants engaged in the colonial trade. The annual value of the exports of British Guiana, or Demerara, approaches two millions and a half sterling, mainly sugar, rum, molasses, timber, and shingles, with coconuts, bark, oils, and other tropical produce; cotton has ceased to be cultivated there.

The large island of Trinidad, off the east coast of Venezuela, has been under British dominion since 1797, and is almost equal to Demerara in commercial prosperity, while its natural resources are probably greater. Its climate also is more healthy for persons of European birth, the temperature being moderated by the ocean, and generally uniform, averaging 76 deg. Fahrenheit in the cold season and 79 deg. in the hot season. The soil is very fertile, growing not only sugar but a variety of other products, coffee, cacao, coconut, and tobacco, in perfection. In the interior of this island is a curious lake of pitch, ninety acres in extent, full of bitumen, which should be a valuable article of trade. The population of Trinidad, by the census of 1881, was about 153,000, including Hindoo coolies as well as negroes. It is now reported to amount to 170,000, of whom 25,000 are whites and mulattoes, and 10,000 coolies. Port of Spain, the chief town, has between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants. Mr. Froude, in his latest book, gives a pleasant account of his sojourn at Government House, as the guest of Sir William Robinson; and another popular writer, the late Rev. Charles Kingsley, passed his Christmas in Trinidad with Sir Arthur Gordon, then Governor, nine or ten years ago. His well-known book, entitled "At Last," which to many readers is not less delightful than his romantic novels, contains brilliant word-pictures of forest and hill scenery, minute accounts of the botany, geology, and natural history of the island, and much accurate information of the life, the habits, manners, and occupations of the different races of the labouring population. The observations made by Mr. Froude, being of more recent date, may profitably be read in connection with those of Canon Kingsley. He states that 18,000 of the people, mostly negroes and descendants of slaves, are now freeholders, a black peasantry dwelling in their own cabins, with their cocoa and coffee and orange plantations, "reproducing as nearly as possible the life in Paradise of our first parents, without the consciousness of a want that they are unable to gratify; not compelled to work, for the earth of her own self bears for them all that they need; and ignorant that there is any difference between moral good and evil." Three fourths of the land still remaining uncultivated, this sort of "boundless happiness of the black race" may continue a long time, as Mr. Froude ironically remarks, "under the beneficent despotism of the English Government;" which does not choose to wield the instrument that Mr. Carlyle recommended, "the beneficent whip." Mr. Froude only insists, however, on Trinidad remaining in the political position of a Crown Colony, with an Executive and Legislative Council nominated by the Crown, and not by popular election; this is the view that he consistently maintains with regard to all of our West Indian colonies.

The town or city which is the capital of Trinidad seems not very magnificent in its street architecture, though it has stately English and Roman Catholic churches, and its Marine-square and Brunswick-square are handsome or pretty, with noble flowering trees and pleasant gardens. The suburbs of Laventville, Belmont, and St. Anne's afford an agreeable residence. The Botanical Gardens, adjacent to Government House, are so famous that we may quote Mr. Froude's description of the reality, which exceeded his expectation:—"Plants with which I was familiar as shrubs, in English conservatories, were here expanded into forest giants, with hundreds of others, of which we cannot raise even Liliputian imitations. Let man be what he will, nature in the tropics is always grand. Palms were growing in the greatest luxuriance, of every known species, from the cabbage towering up into the sky to the fan-palm of the desert, whose fronds are reservoirs of water. Of exogenous trees, the majority were leguminous in some shape or other, forming flowers like a pea or vetch, and hanging their seed in pods; yet in shape and foliage they distanced far the most splendid ornaments of an English park." He mentions one tree like a horse-chestnut, with crimson blossoms in pendant bunches, each separate flower exactly counterfeiting an orchid; but this was imported from Burmah. "Underneath, and dispersed among the imperial beauties, were spice-trees, orange-trees, coffee-plants, and cocoa, or shrubs with various virtues and vices"; the nutmeg-plants, growing thirty or forty feet high, with brilliant green leaves, folding over each other and forming a close bow to the ground; the wonderful creepers, indiscriminately called "vines," curtaining the branches of the higher trees, and many other forms of marvellous vegetation.

Barbadoes, hardly so big in size as the Isle of Wight, has a big British heart, as we are told by Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple," beating with patriotic spirit in black and in white bosoms. "King George nebbber mind Bonypart so long as Badian tand tiff," was the proud boast of insular "darkies" all through the great French war. Though first discovered by the Portuguese, the navigators and commercial colonisers of the globe four centuries ago—the Britons of that age—Barbadoes was always a British settlement, never Spanish, Dutch, or French; its possession by our own nation dates from 1605. We should like to ask the author of "The Bow of Ulysses," if he could be cross-examined, who was that "high colonial official"—surely not Sir Henry Taylor?—who told him, seventeen years ago, that our Government had made up its mind to give away the West Indies; that our Ministers did not care whether Jamaica, Trinidad, and the English Antilles remained nominally attached to the British Empire, or became independent republics, or joined some foreign Power. Mr. Froude is apt to misunderstand what persons say to him in private conversation, as was proved after his visit to Australia; and we prefer to believe that this is a similar mistake; that his friend in the Colonial Office did not really mean to say that such "a decision had been irrevocably taken." Parliament

and the English people would certainly insist on knowing the reason why; and the reason why not would be found in every English heart. "Badian" would "tand tiff" against it, in any case; and we, as a matter of sentiment, should as soon think of giving up the Isle of Wight. "A piece of the Mother Country transplanted," Barbadoes is called in a recent official publication "Her Majesty's Colonies," 1886.

The physical, economic, and social conditions also of Barbadoes are very different from those of other West Indian islands. It is fully occupied, with a population, in 1881, of 172,000 (Mr. Froude says now 200,000), and all the land is under diligent cultivation; the area devoted to sugar-crops is 100,000 acres, leaving only 6470 acres for roads and buildings and for the ravines incapable of cultivation. Its products have an annual export value of £1,300,000. Its people are industrious, and the negro plantation labourer gets tenpence a day for his task, but can earn twenty pence if he cares to work extra hours. The Barbadian negro is "willing enough to work," having no land to grow his yams upon, for almost the whole of the land is held by planters in large estates. There are no mountains and no forests. The roads are good and well kept in repair; and Bridgetown, the capital, is connected with St. Andrews by a railway. Sir Charles Cameron Leves, the able Governor—with whom Mr. Froude stayed in two visits—is not quite an absolute ruler, as there is a small Legislative Assembly, the majority of which is elected by popular suffrage. The Chief Justice is a gentleman of pure negro blood, equal in intelligence, character, and learning, to most English lawyers. Schools and churches are well supported. Barbadoes is the military head-quarters for the West Indies, and the principal station of the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company.

Nearly due west of Barbadoes, eighty miles distant, among the "Windward Islands," is St. Vincent, a mountainous isle, with a grand volcanic peak, 4000 ft. high, and with most romantic rugged scenery. Here is the famous Soufrière, a wondrous deep blue lake at the bottom of an extinct crater. The volcano was, however, in active eruption so lately as 1812, hurling forth masses of lava, stones, and ashes, with explosions heard in several distant islands. Sugar-planting in St. Vincent has proved a failure at present prices; but the employment of coolies was notoriously mismanaged. The old proprietors have mostly ceased to reside in the island, though it is a healthy place, with many natural attractions. It is about the least prosperous community, at this time, in the West Indies.

NOVELS.

Robert Elsmere. By Mrs. Humphry Ward, Author of "Miss Bretherton." Three vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—A story which is manifestly designed to exemplify the conflicting currents of religious opinion in English society at the present day, with their effects on individual minds and on domestic life, particularly in the family of a clergyman of the Established Church, must be reviewed in a cautious spirit. The imaginative sympathies excited by a work of fiction, powerfully conceived in its portraiture of characters and in its description of critical situations, should not cause the reader to overlook those public and private interests—apart from the pure quest of theological truth and the claim to liberty of preaching or "prophesying"—which are reputed to be concerned in the acceptance of orthodox doctrine. A novel-writer, one of unquestionable genius—and this author may rank in one special faculty, that of gradually and minutely developing the growth of a strong character modified by severe moral experiences, not far below George Eliot—has yet no express commission to disturb the ordinary belief in ecclesiastical creeds. Nor do we ascribe to this author such an intention; nor will the reader of "Robert Elsmere" find in these three volumes any fresh argument or suggestion adverse to the commonly received notions of Christianity that has not been familiar to serious inquirers for at least thirty-five years past. The story would have been spoiled, as a story, by introducing polemical dialogues of sufficient logical closeness and directness to have any value in such controversies; and Mrs. Ward has attempted nothing of the kind. A certain partiality, however, to one way of thinking, which is not precisely the orthodox way, seems to be indicated by the noble mental attitude in which Mr. Henry Grey, Fellow and Tutor of St. Anselm's at Oxford, is represented; and there is a corresponding significance in the dedication of this novel, partly, to the memory of the late Professor Thomas Hill Green, while, in three several instances, the very words attributed to Henry Grey are borrowed—as Mrs. Ward acknowledges in a note—from Professor Green's "Lay Sermons." Those who are acquainted with the teachings, the writings, and the life of that estimable member of the University of Oxford, who died six years ago, will appreciate the complexion of the ethical and religious philosophy that is made to predominate in "Robert Elsmere." For the information of others, who do not distinguish between utterly different kinds of heterodoxy, it may be observed that the speculative basis and tendency of this line of thought is that most directly opposed to the Materialism professed by some devotees of physical science. It is so far from "Agnosticism," as well as from the vague Pantheistic idealism of some metaphysicians, that it recognises, with fervent spiritual devotion, as Christians do, a definite object of the religious affections and of personal faith, hope, filial love and duty. This is the mental condition into which Robert Elsmere, the Vicar of Murewell in Surrey, finds himself plunged in consequence of certain historical studies, coming after the impressions he had received at Oxford, and further directed to alarming discoveries by his literary conferences with the free-thinking scholar, Mr. Wendover, the eccentric learned Squire who owns a great library and uses it, who has studied in Paris and Berlin, and who is, for his part, an implacable "Agnostic." Elsmere, on the contrary, may be styled a devout Rationalist "Gnostic." From a practical, common-sense point of view, looking merely to the domestic peace and comfort of this earnest minister of religion and his admirable wife, Catherine, who had been brought up as a strict Evangelical Churchwoman in a sequestered valley of Westmorland, many readers will be inclined to regret that the happy, diligent, useful country clergyman should not have contented himself with fishing in Thurston pond; that he should ever have sought intellectual exercise in testing the dubious value of historical testimony, and the disputed authenticity of ancient records, by researches concerning the Dark Ages in Gaul or France. One such application of the stringent methods of modern critical investigation is perilously apt to lead to another. This might do no great harm to an independent layman; but in the case of an official ecclesiastic, when challenged to defend the presumptive claim of Biblical infallibility in narrative details, the result to Mr. and Mrs. Elsmere was extremely distressing. Whether or not his conclusions were erroneous is a question for those who have authority to decide. The hero of this tale felt himself obliged to resign a desirable living, to quit the parish in which he and his wife had done much good to the poor, and coming to London, fortunately with a fair independent income, to undertake a voluntary mission of free religious teaching at the East-End. He may have been wrong, but he thought he was doing right.

This is the situation. Meeting with a zealous and active Unitarian minister of the newer type calling itself "Theist," Robert Elsmere now preaches what he conceives to be the true gospel with devoted fidelity and courage, addressing himself first to the more intellectual class of skilled artisans. He obtains the countenance and large pecuniary support of a rich young gentleman, Mr. Hugh Flaxman, a Liberal of aristocratic connections, who is the lover of Catherine's beautiful sister, Miss Rose Leyburn. The bitter drop in the cup of this energetic and virtuous life is the continued disapprobation that Catherine Elsmere feels, though in silent sorrow, for the course taken by her husband. Her character—a very noble, beautiful, womanly character, with infinite tenderness, strength of dutifulness, and graceful dignity of bearing—is exhibited in all its aspects as a fond daughter, a guardian sister, a faithful wife and a mother; under the control of firm Christian principle, but with an evident incapacity, often found in the best women, of recognising the manly calling to sacrifice all interests of life to the search for truth, or to the truthful profession of belief. Catherine, indeed, never arrives at that point; but she at length discovers that Robert is as much as ever a Christian in heart and spirit, and their temporary alienation of mutual trust and conjugal affection is finally overcome, not long before his death. From this outline of the main story, which is slowly developed by full accounts of a few simple situations and actions, without strange or surprising incidents, its general plan may be understood. All its scenes—in Long Whindale, the home of the Leyburns; at Oxford, with University men; in the village of Murewell, at the Vicarage, at the Squire's Hall, and in the squalid cottages of the neglected peasants; in London fashionable society, and among the working classes somewhere about Stepney—are described with vivid force, though perhaps here and there a little overdrawn. They are enlivened by the presence of a charming figure, Rose Leyburn, a lovely, high-spirited, wilful, girlish beauty, a violinist of rare talent, passionately fond of her art, intensely desirous to excel, and frankly covetous of admiration, but good and pure in her inmost nature; she learns humility by the experience of life; and her sufferings from the inconstancy of Mr. Langham, the melancholy, sceptical pessimist, who cannot make up his mind to anything, invites our sincere compassion until the right man comes to take her by the hand. The introduction of Madame De Netteville, with the base and frivolous company in her drawing-room, is a great mistake. Such a man as Robert Elsmere would not have gone twice to her house.

Only the Governess. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Three vols. (H. Bentley and Son).—It is not till after perusing some two hundred pages that we meet the charming "Miss Rossiter," as she is at first called, the person meant in the title of this sympathetic and interesting tale. But we have learned to know and admire the generous spirit of Launcelot Chudleigh, a bachelor of thirty-two, in whose family she is living at The Witches, his beautiful country-house somewhere beyond Richmond, taking charge of the education of his youngest half-sister with his step-mother, whom he calls "Madella," though she is fifteen years older than he is. The preceding chapters have been mainly occupied with Launcelot's kind and judicious efforts to assist poor Jack Weston, a broken-down penniless artist, his connection by Madella's marriage with the late Mr. Chudleigh, and formerly the elder companion of Launcelot in his own more successful studies of art. Having procured for Jack a hopeful situation in Australia, this energetic friend of the distressed carries little "Dossie," the emigrant's motherless child Dorothea, to his own house, where he places her under the care of her "Aunt Della" and of the supposed "Miss Rossiter." The peculiar disposition, the intense affectionateness, and precocious thoughtfulness of this grave little girl, only ten years old, are touching and pathetic, with an air of quaint oddity that may be remarked in some children so exceptionally reared. But Dorothea is only growing up quietly, in a very happy home, during the period of eight or nine years occupied by the main action of the story. Its true hero is Launcelot Chudleigh, a very noble manly character, with firm principles of honour and integrity, rare self-denial, and an unostentatious habit of helping all his fellow-creatures. Innocently falling in love with the governess, he is repelled by her confession that she is a married woman, the wife of his friend Mr. Thorpe, and has fled from her husband's house, where she was coldly and harshly treated by Mr. Thorpe's sister. The scene in which, upon this sudden discovery, at the moment of expressing his own blameless passion, Launcelot masters his feelings and changes his tone to Mrs. Thorpe, henceforth becoming her disinterested friend and guide, and labouring wisely for her restoration to her lawful husband, is one of the best conceptions in recent fiction. His whole course of proceeding, through many difficulties arising from the jealousies, false scruples, doubts and fears, the pride, resentment, and sensitive tempers of several women, in this unselfish task of reconciliation, is admirably consistent, and is a fine example of masterly tact as well as of chivalrous virtue. It is finally successful, while he manages, at the same time, to take care of his sisters; "Bee" or Beatrice, the flighty, vain beauty of the family, whom he saves from a handsome fortune-hunter; and the dutiful Pauline, who has to wait long years for her marriage to the worthy Dr. Maxwell, a medical practitioner encumbered with heavy domestic obligations. The female characters, those of Mrs. Chudleigh or "Madella," a pure-hearted and young-hearted matron, whose relation to the juniors is more that of elder sister than parent; Miss Thorpe, a zealous and diligent official conductor of philanthropic charities, but stern and hard towards her brother's impatient young wife; and Brenda Maxwell, the doctor's invalid sister, enduring her life-long martyrdom on the couch of pain with serene cheerfulness of spirit, are vividly portrayed in a well-combined progress of incidents and conversations. Finally, in the latter part of the third volume, Launcelot fetches old Jack Weston back from Australia, and then, finding Dorothea transformed by time and education into a lovely and accomplished young lady of mature age, resolves to make her his wife. It is remarkable, in this novel, that all the best and choicest of the girls—including young Mrs. Thorpe, Pauline, and Dorothea—take husbands many years older than themselves, but with every prospect of being happy after all.

The Wimbledon Meeting will begin on Monday, July 9.

Mr. F. A. O'Keefe, Parnellite ex-Mayor of Limerick, has been elected, unopposed, for Limerick City, in the room of Mr. H. J. Gill, resigned.

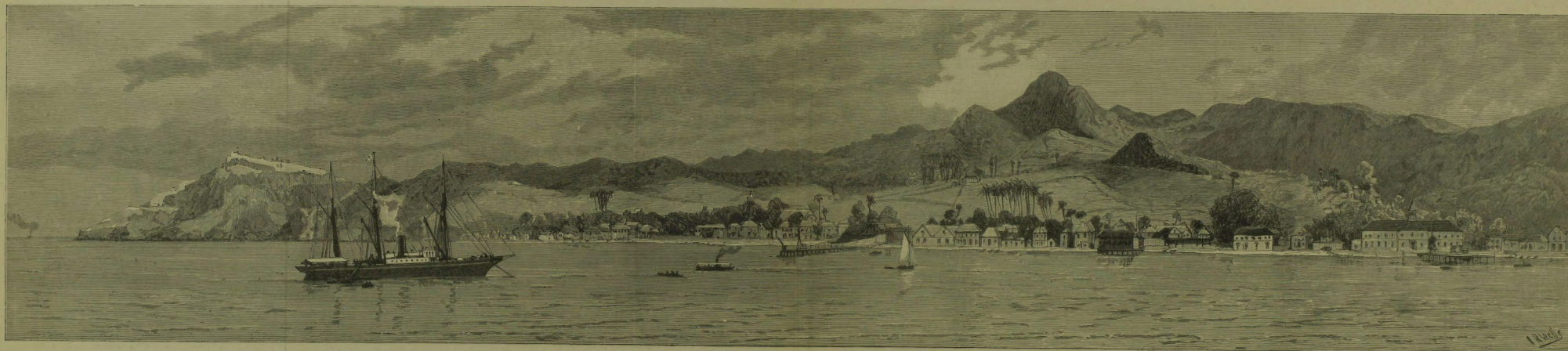
Mr. F. R. Welchman has been appointed Registrar of the Lowestoft County Court, and to be a District Registrar of the High Court of Justice, in succession to the late Mr. Chater.

Canon Argles, who has already given several thousands of pounds for the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral, has promised, in addition to providing a noble pulpit and Bishop's throne in carved oak, to give £500 towards the cost of the new choir, providing the old Benedictine plan is revived, and a further £500 for the restoration of the fabric.

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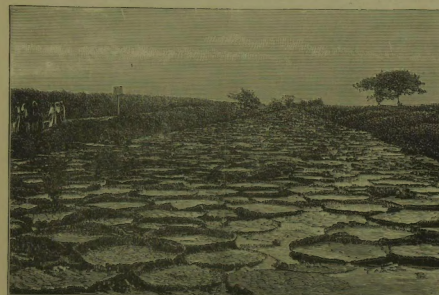
ST. VINCENT.



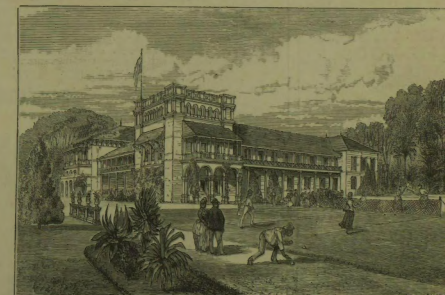
GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BARBADOES.



•MENDING ROADS, BARBADOES.



TRENCH WITH WATER-LILIES (VICTORIA REGIA) IN GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TRINIDAD.

PRIMAVERA!

It was exactly three o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, April 14, 1888, that I first felt that delicious tingle down the back that tells one that the sun is out, that the flowers are at hand, that the winter has passed, and that the spring has really come. The scene was Barnes-common, on a grassy path among the gorse, and, even out here, in this well-frequented neighbourhood, I was as much alone three minutes after I had left the train as if I had been in the heart of Lyndhurst or Savernake Forest. There had come upon me, that bright and joyous Saturday, a wild, irresistible feeling to get away; to leave, for a few minutes, the prison chamber; to get out into the light and air; to make a bonfire of pens, ink, and paper; to be free, as the rest of the world seemed free. At any time of the year it is a desperate strain to work on Saturday; duty seems irksome when the house is shut up and lonely, when the clerks have departed to the suburbs, when those irritating cabs go by laden with luggage, with cheerful faces and the bows of racquets peeping out of the cab windows. Where should I go? what could I do between middleday and theatre-time—for at night had not Mr. Henry Irving to be welcomed, and his home-coming chronicled, and the feverish atmosphere of the crowded theatre to be once more endured? A hundred telegrams, dispatched to as many friends, would not bring to my side the very companion I wanted. The tennis-ground in the Regent's Park was not ready for action; I had no "bone" that would admit me to the Botanical Gardens, the most delightfully lonely spot in all London when it is not a fête day. The Zoological Gardens are pretty in odd corners, but I cannot endure the smell of wild beasts, or the screaming of painted macaws, or the jabbering of monkeys. Where could I go? Oh! if I had only wings to be transported to a well-known corner of the sea-cliff at Poppy Land; if only for five minutes I might wander under the ruins of old Sidesstrand church! If it were only possible to get to the cliff-edge between Cliftonville and Kingsgate on the Isle of Thanet before theatre-time, or to be planted in the centre of Cobham Park, or to be transported to Sevenoaks, or to be taken away anywhere for a breath of pure air on this heavenly spring day! It had come upon us so suddenly, with such a rush and with so little warning. Yesterday we were freezing; to-day we were melting. In an instant all the winter clothing was torn off, the summer suits were unearthed, furs and flannels packed up in camphor and yellow soap, and a helter-skelter rush made into the sunshine.

Somehow or other I arrived at Barnes, having started, of course, at the Waterloo Station, which seems on a Saturday afternoon to be the rendezvous of every athlete and sportsman in the metropolis. Everyone seemed actuated with the same fever to be free of London. The platforms were as packed as on a Derby or an Ascot day. Sportsmen going down to Sandown, boating parties, on their way to Putney or Richmond, cricketers bound for Wandsworth, lawn-tennis players who had booked for Weybridge—there they all were in their different costumes, neat and tidy, careless and half-dressed, all having made up their minds to make the most of the fine weather, though the day before we were all of us shivering over a fire and growling at the east wind. My heart sank within me. How could I possibly find solitude or pretend to discover peace in this motley crowd of suburban holiday-makers, who were rushing out of town to desecrate the pure country air with vulgar sporting prints and scurrilous penny journals tucked under their athletic arms? But I was mistaken. When we arrived on Barnes-common, the trainfull of people mysteriously

melted away. Somehow or other they all elected to go to the right, whilst I wandered off to the left. A pretty mother and her child came to meet "father" at the gate of the station; they kissed and melted away off to the distance, where presently they would be drinking tea in a cottage all golden with yellow jasmine. A couple of girls of the accepted pattern—tailor-made jackets, dark skirts, high hats with cocks' feathers, and a lean fox-terrier gambolling at each pair of heels—came mooning towards the station; but they also melted away, and were soon lost in the flowering gorse-bushes. I was making my way across the common to that deserted road that leads to the disputed Clarence gate, when I really did feel that delightful and almost indescribable tingle down the back that suddenly warms you through, giving that sort of pleasant pain that one feels from an electric shock or the touch of a sympathetic hand. I suppose I must have given expression to my sudden pleasure, or to have been talking to myself out loud, or uttered a shout or a suppressed scream, or done something out of the common, for I thought I was alone in this grassy pathway, seeing nothing visible in the front, and hearing nothing distinctly in the rear. But I was deceived. I had scarcely jerked out my thanks for this first benediction of the blessed sun when I was restored to mundane thoughts and propriety by a low half-stifed growl at my feet. "Hullo, Governor! What's up? Anythink the matter?" At my feet, half hidden by the gorse, lying prone on their stomachs, were two men, half asleep, wholly idle, with pipes in their mouths, enjoying the sun. Where do these men come from? What is their occupation? What is their destination that they always lie about on commons, or under hedges, very dirty, half asleep, with pipes out, and their tired foreheads buried in their horny hands? Are they philosophers, or bird-catchers, or tramps, or what? I find them sprawling on the grass in the St. James's or the Green Park all the summer; never reading, seldom talking, simply in a kind of sun daze, worshippers of the same warm planet as ourselves. I never tramp along the sea cliff or cross a common but I find my friend the sun-dazed loafer, who prefers to lie on his stomach rather than on his back.

There was not a human being in that deserted lane that leads direct from Barnes-common by the close-barred Clarence gate to Richmond Park. I had it all to myself. The birds were singing their evensong among the hedges bursting into life; the rooks went cawing over the fields to the distant trees in the adjacent park; no one would believe that you could get here and be at peace, even for five minutes, in half-an-hour, and at the cost of one shilling return-ticket first class! I wonder if the happy inhabitants of all these huge houses are really happy?—if they possibly enjoy the profound rest that is as life-blood to me? I see gardens with not a soul in them, and lawns undecorated with white dresses, and countless windows with no one at them, and giant trees that shelter nobody, acres of hot-houses, signs of complete luxury; but not a laugh comes over the park palings, no sound of human voice breaks in upon the silence. Suddenly, as I stand meditating in this long and lovely lane—on the one side a beautiful park, on the other splendid houses—I am aroused from my reverie by boys' voices. Two youngsters, fleet of foot, who have come along the lane silent as cats, are scattering paper out of the bags that dangle at their backs. They lay the scent well at the corner of a narrow alley in the park-palings, these active little hares, and then dart down it. Five minutes after, come a perspiring pack of boy-hounds, led, as usual, by a plucky little one, who, without pausing, sees the scent, and bids his lagging companions follow down the narrow lane. They are all soon lost in the distance; and I follow, thinking of old Marlborough days, when Arthur Mesham and

Dolphin and Solomon Mason were the fleetest of fleet hares, and led us away to Savernake, or Pewsey, or tall, gaunt Martinsell, or away over the Wiltshire downs, on some such Saturday half-holiday—well, years enough ago! A delightful détour over a rustic bridge, past a cressy brook, with no companions but the browsing cattle, I find myself—harking back across a miniature village green, and down a regular "love-lane," that must be charming in summer-time—once more at the pretty keeper's lodge that guards the silent Clarence gate. Still not a soul to disturb the silence.

I pause, and look up at the latticed windows, for here are memories. Many a good fellow has made this keeper's lodge his summer resting-place. Here an old schoolfellow lived in peaceful solitude for years, winter and summer, and left the signs of his handiwork on wall and mantelpiece. Was it not here, in this hospitable home, that William Winter, best of good fellows, poet and critic, discoursed to us on poetry, the drama, and on art, and longed to bear the cottage off, its peep of park, and deer and all, to Staten Island across the wild Atlantic? Was it not from this same cottage that we tramped out one lovely summer evening under the stars in the deep-blue midnight, and roamed deep into the dark forest, resting on trunks of trees, discussing Shakspeare, and quoting verses of best-loved poets until the violet light shimmered in the accusing east, and we felt the beauty of the early day? Farewell, small ivy-covered cottage; let us pass on. We are in the wide world again! Hundreds of bicycles and tricycles literally "kick up a dust." Petticoated maidens jerk up their legs in most unmaidenly fashion at the call of the male companion, whose feet leave the treadles, and the machine rushes down-hill with its own impetus. How our grandmothers would stare if they could only see the want of grace and absence of all shame in the male and female bicycle tandems in Richmond Park! However, it is the age, and women have elected to be men's slaves, and not their worshipped ones; the sharers in their sports, no more the objects of their chivalry. If men fling up their legs descending hills on bicycles—why, women must do the same. The petticoat in sport must soon be discarded, and I shall see the lady tricyclist attired in gaiters and knee breeches like an operatic chorister, after the pattern of a lady climber I met at Chamounix last summer.

Yes; we are in the world again. Carriage after carriage passes me on the yellow sandy road—pairs in carriages, families in carriages, solitary Jehus in carts of yellow deal. Troops of horsemen gallop over the springy turf, and I am occasionally engaged in horse-catching, for Richmond Park has ruts, and saddles are often empty on a Saturday afternoon practice on a Richmond hack. And so onwards to that delicious peep of the river between the trees before the park is left, to the busy life round the door of the Star and Garter opposite the house with the mauve windows that has astonished me for years; on to the Richmond Hill-terrace, with its innumerable children and countless old maids; on to the beautiful new hill garden secured to the inhabitants of Richmond for ever, with its terrace paths, and slopes, and cosy love-corners, winding about from the hill to the river; on to the Richmond shops, and the maids-of-honour, and the old green, and the site of the old theatre now no more, and the church, and the grave of Edmund Kean—until, once more, London and the modern playhouse! So homewards, with these words still ringing in my ears:—

The sweet, swift ages, and songs of hours that were,
These may'st thou not give back for ever. . . .
But flow'rs thou may'st, and words, and hours of ease;
And all its April to the world thou may'st
Give back, and half my April back to me.

C. S.

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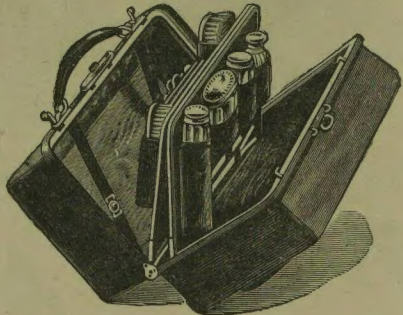
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